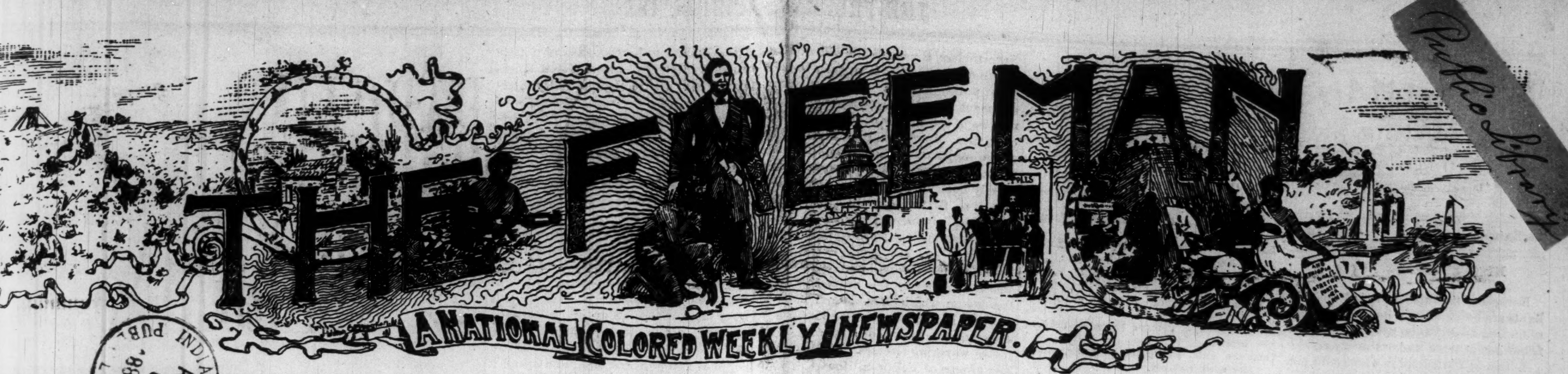

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JOHN MERCER LANGSTON

EQUIPPED BY NATURAL (ENDOWMENT TO SPEAK FOR HIS PEOPLE.

A Man of Great Abilities and Experience---Repeatedly Honored by His Country's Confidence---A Congressional Candidate With an Umblemished Record.

Of the trio of leaders of the colored race in America—Langston, Douglass, and Bruce—the fourth congressional district of Virginia enjoys the distinction of the residence of the greatest, the shrewdest, the most accomplished, the one best equipped by natural endowments and diversified experience to speak for his people in the high places of the nation. By this statement it is not intended to detract from the great abilities of the other two eminent Negroes whose names have been mentioned, nor to underrate the great work which they have done for the advancement of their people and in the cause of American liberty everywhere.

In his veins flows the blood of some of Virginia's honored families, for his father was Ralph Quarles, a prominent planter of Lousia county, though Mr. Langston takes his name from his mother.

John Mercer Langston was born Dec., 14, 1829. His father by his will emancipated all his slaves, and sent them to Ohio. In Ross county, of that State, Col. Gooch, a former friend of Langston's father, was appointed the boy's guardian, and in that family he was treated like a son.

In 1844 young Langston entered Oberlin College, at that time the only college in the United States where Negroes could be educated on equal terms with white persons. Five years of earnest, persevering study were passed at this seat of learning, and from it in 1849 young Langston graduated. The very next event in the youths' life proved the uncompromising uprightness and pride which have marked his career as a man. Having determined to embrace the pro profession of the law as a means of livelihood, he applied to a law school in New York for admission. This was refused because of his color, but, being very bright of complexion, it was suggested to him that he might enter if he would give either the West Indies or Central or South America as his place of nativity, he passing as a Spanish or Frenchman. This he unhesitatingly refused to do, not only because he declined to gain advantages under false pretenses, but also for the reason that he was too proud of his birthright as a citizen of the United States to divest himself of it by his own volition even for the sake of gaining a great temporary advantage. A Negro he was, though white blood coursed in his veins. As a Negro he would make his way in the world, and seek no favors at the expense of his honesty, his truthfulness, and his manhood. After similar discouraging experiences in other law schools, and even with private lawyers, Langston arrived at the conclusion that the only course left open to him, in order to gain the advantages he craved, was to return to his alma mater, Oberlin College. This he did, entering upon a course of theological study, and from the theological department of that college he graduated in 1853. He now again essayed the study of the law under the guidance and instruction of Judge Bliss, of Ohio. and in a year from then presented himself to the court for admission to the bar which he gained in October 24, 1854, the first Negro who had gained such distinction in the country. Settling in Lorain county the capacities and accomplishments of the young lawyer were soon recognized, and it was not very long before he was called upon to engage in a suit as the associate of a white lawyer, being in fact the only Negro connected with the case.

The record he made then was such that his reputation as a capable lawyer was firmly established, and his business grew space. In the following year he was elected clerk of the township, the first distinction of the kind ever conferred upon a colored man in the United States. This gave him such enviable notoriety throughout the country that he was called upon to act as one of the orators at the May meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in 1855 in New York City. His address upon that occasion was marked by such eloquence, depth of thought, and beauty of sentiment as to herald for the name of John Mercer Langston as that of one of the most promising young orators in the nation.

HON. JOHN M. LANGSTON,
Congressman-elect from the Fourth District of Virginia.

To follow the career of Mr. Langston through all the varying stages of success during that period of his life would trespass too largely upon the space that can be given to this article. It must suffice to say that with the growing years there came to him growing fame and honor—not merely by reason of official position to which he was chosen, but also because of his earnest advocacy and pleadings for the rights of his people. In 1867 he was invited by Gen. O. O. Howard to act as inspector of the schools of the freed Negroes throughout the country. His success as such was remarkable and served to still further increase his reputation as a close observer, a sound business man, and an able advocate. Shortly after President Johnson tendered to Mr. Langston the Mission to Hayti, but this was declined, because he felt that his labors for the good of his people were still too urgently needed in the country. He continued his work as general inspector of freedmen's schools until 1869, when he was called to a professorship in the law department of Howard University at Washington. His services here were so distinguished by farseeing ability that the title of doctor of laws was conferred upon him by the trustees of the university. At this time President Grant appointed Mr. Langston a member of the Board of Health for the for the District of Columbia, in which position he labored with distinguished success for nearly eight years, serving serving seven years as attorney of the board, and one year as its secretary.

Mr. Langston's course while a member of this board was characterized by discriminating foresight and such remarkable appreciation of details as to place him in line with the foremost sanitarians of the country. Nor can there be a doubt that to his conscientious and discriminating labors the people of Washington city are indebted for the excellent sanitary condition which the capital city of the nation enjoys at this time.

In 1877 President Hayes appointed Mr. Lang-ton minister resident and consul general to Hayti, which office he filled with marked success for eight years, earning not only the commendations of his government and that to which he was accredited, but of all people with whom his position brought him into official and social contact.

In 1885 Mr. Langston resigned his position of his own choice, returning to this country in July of that year. His services were immediately engaged by one of the first business houses of the country to attend to its interests in the West Indies, and while absent in this work he was elected by the board of education of Virginia president of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute. Now self interest came into conflict with higher duty, for the salary attaching to the position of president of the Normal Institute did not begin to compare with the munificent renumeration accorded to him by the business house with which he was connected.

But then came to him the appeal of the colored youth of his native State, and to John Mercer Langston, who had devoted his life to the service of his race, that appeal was a paramount command. He entered upon his new duties on the 1st of January, 1886. In his annual report next following Mr. Langston's appointment, Hon. R. R. Farr, State superintendent of education, said: "We look to President Langston to turn out from the institution, whose destiny he now so largely controls the highest type of manhood and womanhood, and the finest equipped teachers that can be found in our State."

How well Mr. Langston met the expectations that have been formed regarding his administration of the institute has become a matter of history. He found a school ill-administered, badly served, barely fulfilling even its elementary purposes; with discipline destroyed with professors at sea, with pupils discouraged, with everybody in and about it disheartened. Its past was failure, its future chaos. He left it an institution of learning which, considering the period of its existence and the comparatively limited term of his admistration, is second to none in the country. Under his fostering care and guided by his firm hand, the students gained confidence in him, in the faculty, and in themselves, and the most flattering results both as to conduct and mental acquirements marked the progress of the school. In brief, in this place, as in all other positions of trust and honor which he had filled, Mr. Langston again demonstrated his singleness of purpose, his unflinching firmness, his eminent learning, and his remarkable capcity for the discernment of character. The severance of his connection with the school came like a blow upon the students, who not only recognized in him a competent guide in their paths of learning, but valued him as a true, warm-hearted, disinterested friend.

Such is the man who appeals to the people of the fourth congressional district of Virginia for their suffrages. Not because of profit does he seek to represent them in the Congress of the United States.

JOTTINGS FROM KANSAS.

Colored Graduates and Politicians---Personals.

Topeka, Special.

Hon. E. P. McCabe, who moved from this city to Washington, D. C., recently, is, we learn, a candidate for Register of the Treasury.

Atchison takes the lead this year in turning out colored graduates from the High School. The number being six. Leavenworth will have two.

J. R. Lytle, G. M. V. G. Emaculates, has issued a proclamation calling on all lodges, etc., in the United States, to meet in their respective Halls and hold memorial services on Easter Sunday.

Ex-Auditor E. P. McCabe's candidate for the Liberian mission, G. W. Jones, who has been in the State about eighteen months, is in Washington, D. C., looking after his interest.

There are seventeen colored pupils in the High Schools here. One, Wm. King, graduates this year with the highest honors of his class. He is the only colored pupil in the class and is on the programe for an oration.

Charles H. Langston, of Lawrence, Kansas, has been nominated by the Prohibitionists of that city for Justice of the Peace. He is a brother of John Mercer Lang-ton. There are several colored candidates for the position.

In my notes last weak there were two mistakes. Mr. I. F. Bradley, nominated by the Republicans at Kansas City, Knnaas, is a graduate of the State University, and Rev. C. C. Goins instead of Rev. C. C. Evins, was nominated for member of School Board at Ft. Scott.

The statement sent from Washington to the "American Citizen" that Hon. L. W. Pulies is an applicant for a foreign mission, from Kansas, is false, as a letter from Mr. Pulies to Mr. Waller will show. Mr. Pulies says, "I am not accredited to Kansas as you well know." Theretore, the only two persons from Kansas who are applicants, so far as your correspondent has been able to learn, are G. W. Jones, of Graham county, candidate for U. S. Minister to Liberia, and J. L. Waller, of this city, whose candidacy for the Haytian mission has been herelded throughout the country by such papers as the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Chicago Inter Ocean, Lincoln, (Neb.) Journal, Des Moines Register, Omahaw Bee, Council Bluff Nonpareil, Topeka Capital, Commonwealth and Leavenworth Times.

A YOUNG BARRISTER.

Baltimore's First Colored Lawyer, Everet J. Waring.

Everett J. Waring first saw the light May 22d, 1859, in the city of Springfield, Ohio. His father, Jas. S. Waring, was one of the prominent educators of Ohio, and for that matter the West. Young Waring was given a thorough English education, completing his classical course in June, 1877, at Columbus, Ohio. At the death of his fother a few months later, and before twenty summers had passed over his head, he succeeded his gifted parent as principal of the colored schools of Columbus, being the youngest principal in the State, black or white. For five years he filled with great efficiency the post that had been assigned him, when the law compelling mixed schools throughout the State of Ohio compelled him to renounce and give up the position that he had filled with so much credit and lustre. In 1882, accepting a clerical position in the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C., his salary, because of marked and growing worth, was soon advanced from $1,000 to $1,400. In June, 1886, he graduated in law from Howard University, and was at once admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Determined to make the law the active profession of his life, he located in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 14th, 1885, being the first colored lawyer in the State of Maryland. He has built up for himself by "shuning delights and living laborious days" a paying and increasing practice. He occupies a high place in the estimation of both black and white citizens of Baltimore, irrespective of political party or social class. His argument before the Supreme Bench against the constitutionality of a law that discriminated against colored women, a stubbornly fought slander suit, which he won after a five days' trial, and a will case involving $22,000 in which Mr. Waring was senior counsel, are a few of the many cases in which Mr. Waring's admirable management and great legal acumen and sagacity brought him immediate renown. Mr. Waring is the permanently employed counsel or the "Brotherhood of Liberty" Insurance Co., and other organizations. As the pioneer colored lawyer of the State, his race to their honor and credit, be it said, have on all occasions rallied around him and supported him. Mr. Waring, unlike many "lights" of the race, is a mixer among the people, being a live and active member of several different secret and beneficial societies He has been very active in the efforts to secure better schools for colored children. Having a great taste and love for it, Mr. Waring has devoted much of his young and brilliant career to newspaper work, having been at different times connected with some of the best papers in the country. At one time he was associate editor of "The Capital" a journal published by white men in Columbus, Ohio. Some years later he owned and edited the "Afro-American," published at Columbus, and for the past two years was editor of the "Baltimore Star." As an orator, he ranks close to the top, amongst the younger school of our best and most polished talkers. As an extemporaneous speaker he enjoys a deserved fame. Those of his orations that have attracted much attention are "Perils of National Illiteracy," "The Colored Man before the Law," and "The Judicial Function In Government."

"In the spring a young man's fancies
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Some years since, Mr. Waring proving no exception to the poetic truism, loved and married Miss Kate E. Johnson, a member of one of Baltimore's oldest and best families, and a very talented lady. Two charming daughters is the result of the union, and Mr. Waring's chief happiness and delight is in putting the hurly burly of professional and business strife behind him, when possible, and hide in the bosom of his family, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot"—derive from the association of his loved ones only that satisfaction that upright, noble lives can know and feel.

Fifty such men as the illustrious subject of this sketch would soon solve the "Negro Problem."

W. ALLISON SWEENEY.

The Republicans at Paola, Kansas, recognized the colored voters by nominating Mr. Kates for constable last week.

THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED
COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER, PROPRIETOR

Indianapolis, - - Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

European manufacturers of electric lights are being visited for the purpose of finding a light to be used by the pearl fishermen at work under the water.

A man in Philadelphia who could not procure employment hung a board on his back inscribed, "Work wanted," and took a stand in a business street. He got a job within a couple of hours.

A coroner's jury in Cheshire, England, returned a verdict of insanity in the case of a schoolmaster who had hanged himself. The poor man had married a widow with sixteen children, and, as the coroner justly observed, they wanted no better proof that he had lost his senses.

A commission has been investigating the expenses of the royal household for Queen Victoria, and extensive reductions in the number and salaries of the attaches of the court are expected to be made as a result of their recommendations.

The commander of the French National Military School at St. Cyr has issued an order forbidding card playing. He defends the order by asserting that young men of no fortune had frequently mortgaged their pay for five, six and even ten years after leaving college, to pay gambling debts.

In Ware, N. H., a big six-pound cat saw an owl in a tree and decided to eat it. So it scrambled up the tree, and, after a short, sharp fight, fell to the ground dead. The owl's big claws had been too much for it. The bird was captured, and was found to measure six feet from tip to tip of its extended wings.

Assam swarms so with leeches that lives of men are in danger, any person falling from faintness or getting stuck in a swamp or mudhole being sure to be sucked to death by hundreds of them. Animals frequently fall victims, and recently an elephant and his keeper, after having been several days missing, were found in a bog in the jungle, the man dead and the elephant so covered with leeches that it died the day after it was rescued. Everybody there carries salt as a protection against the blood-suckers.

France, Austria and Germany have adopted smokeless gunpowder for their armies, and are conducting experiments to get an explosive also as nearly noiseless as possible. A fair degree of success has been reached, and experts have no doubt that by the time the next European war begins the smoke and noise of battle will have been done away with. It is alleged that the French will suffer most by this, as the men of that nation are least able to withstand the terrorizing effect of being mowed down by silent missiles from unseen enemies.

Science says that in an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years' twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution, and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularities of the heart's action, disordered stomach, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

Pastor McKinney, who has charge of a Baptist church in Ansonia, Conn., recently preached against card playing. He was decided in his opinions that a Christian ought not to play cards, even whist, in which he could see no science, and laid down these five points: First—Christians should not play cards for amusement, because it is a waste of time. Second—They should not play cards because it dissipates the mind. Third—They should not play cards because the example to others is injurious. Fourth—They should not play cards because it leads to gambling. Fifth—They should not play cards becanse whist, the Christian game, as generally played to-day, is gambling.

The soldiers who served under Gen. Gilman Marston, who succeeds William E. Chandler in the Senate by the appointment of the Governor of New Hampshire, fairly worship him for his personal bravery and care over them. His refusal to allow his men to remain on board of an overcrowded transport, even when ordered by a superior officer, for the good reason that he "had brought that "rigiment from New Hampshire to fight, not to be drowned" an action afterward sustained by General Hooker—his literal interpretation of a tyrannical superior's orders to build a dungeon like guardhouse "without so much as a crack in it" (and the guardhouse was built of solid logs, without a door or crack to enter by,) his coolly walking along the parapet under a terrible fire of shot and shell that he might inspire a wavering brigade by his own reassurance—these and other historical narrations illustrate his superb character as a soldier.

SPRING FANCIES.

I.

THE YOUNG MAN.

In the spring the youth his person in the latest fashion decks
And begins to cast admiring glances on the other sex;
In the spring a nameles yearning, something that he cannot trace,
Comes upon him when he meets a maiden with a pretty face;
And the fluttering of a ribbon or the perfume of a glove
Thrills his pulses, and his "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

II.

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

In the spring the maiden doffs the glossy sealskin sacque she wore,
Which enables her to don a bigger bustle than before.
Then she puts on lighter garments, showy laces, ribbons gay.
And a gorgeous hat the climax caps of her new spring array,
All the secrets of the toilet uses with a woman's skill,
For her heart, too, is responsive to the season's magic thrill.

III.

BOTH.

Soon some strange, mysterious process brings together youth and maid;
There are meetings in the moonlight, there are whisperings in the shade,
Wanderings in secluded places, often till the hour is late;
Loving glances, sweet confessions, stolen kisses at the gate,
Petty quarrels over nothing that with misery fill life's cup,
Pride's surrender, explanations, and delicious makings-up.
When the tender grass is springing and the open buds appear,
When the birds are gaily singing and the skies are blue and clear,
Thus in course in spring love runneth, culminating in the May,
With parental blessings and the naming of the wedding day. —Boston Courier.

CLEVER MRS. MARCH.

Mr. March had hardly recovered from his wedding tour before his handsome, enterprising young wife insisted on his coming forward in the Conservative interest to stand for the western division of the county.

Mr. March was a neat, nicely-preserved gentleman of nearly fourscore, and this wedding-tour, from which he had just returned, was not the first he had taken. When fine, flashy, loud, good-looking Bella Clevedon had first marked him for her own, he had been crumpled up with grief for the loss of the wife of his youth—the mother of his family of married sons and daughters. But Bella, from the first, did not despair of comforting him. It was true that she was only "sweet and twenty," and he would never see seventy-five again; but he had thirty thousand a year, and with Bella that more than counter-balanced any sense of incongruity that might be in the match. As the eldest daughter of the vicar of the parish, she had countless opportunities of comforting him which were not awarded to other young ladies of the neighborhood. No scandal could be uttered about her, however often she followed him into the fastness of his own home with her various subscription lists. He was an old, old gentleman who might have been her grandfather, and though she had never developed a taste for aged paupers, her friends declared now that "Bella's 'way' with old people was really beautiful."

Apparently, Mr. March was of the same opinion, for one day, after a long walk and talk with Bella through a secluded portion of his own beautiful grounds, Mr. March had himself driven to the vicarage, when he offered himself and his vast possessions to the eldest Miss Clevedon, and sought her father's consent.

The Vicar of Rippington was a poor man with a large family, and no sentimental nonsense about him—in which respect Bella strongly resembled him. He accepted Mr. March with gratifying promptitude, praised Bella with unblushing frankness, and told himself in confidence that during all the years of her life he had been in complete ignorance of the hard, mercenary character of his child.

The wedding was a showy one. Bella insisted upon that, though Mr. March was timid about it. The bride's draperies seemed to fill the church as she pranced up the aisle, and her triumphant smiles were lavished freely upon the astounded, envious, admiring old friends and acquaintances who thronged the church.

As a rule, when May marries December, people are apt to bestow uncalled-for pity on the girl; in this instance the universal opinion found vent in the words, "Poor old man!"

On the occasion of his first marriage, half a century ago, he and his wife had gone to a West-country watering place for a week, and then home. But now he was taken at full speed to every fashionable Continental resort of which the country-bred Bella had ever heard. His white hair was cropped so closely to his head, and some fluid that its maker passionately declared was "not a dye" was so well brushed into it, that it gratefully resumed the soft brown hue of its youth. He was tailored by an artist with youthful ideas. He was goaded into playing tennis, just first with his young wife, for her amusement only, but very shortly in public at their own and other people's garden parties. Finally, he was cleverly instructed to refurnish his house, to refill his stables, to replace his old carriages with several new ones, and to stand for his division of the county in the Conser vative interest.

There is, of course, "no bribery" at elections in these pure, modern days. Nevertheless, the candidate whose purse is well filled has what is vulgarly termed "the pull" over a poverty-stricken opponent, however opulent the latter may be in the matter of brains. Moreover, Mrs. March exerted herself "so charmingly and energetically," her admirers declared, at this juncture in her elderly husband's interests, "identified herself so flattering with them, quite regardless of the differences in their ages"—making him feel that in her eyes, at least, he was still young enough to have a career before him." The battle was all but lost to the other side from the day on which Mrs. March camped out with her photographic apparatus in a picturesque suburb of a country town full of wavering electors. She took endless groups of children, found out to whom they belonged, and sent neatly mounted copies to their respective parents, with a few well chosen words of admiration of their offspring. This line of policy carried innumerable waverers over to the Conservative cause, as represented by the clever and judicious lady's husband; and at one period of his campaign Mr. March felt miserably secure his seat, and prophetically sure that his aspiring wife would insist on his covering himself with ignominy by addressing the House on one of the numerous subjects of which he was utterly ignorant. But one day clever Mrs. March overreached herself. She took a remarkably clever photograph of a group of children who were, she was told by some unreliable passer-by, the children of "Squire Fortwright, of Wangham Place." The Fortwrights were rather recent comers into the neighborhood, and had made no sign of desiring to cultivate the acquaintance of the Marches. They were generally supposed to be proud, exclusive people of good birth, who had travelled in many lands out of beaten tracks, and were highly cultured. Of their family, Mrs. March had never heard anything previous to this day on which she suavely requested four or five plain, untastefully dressed children to "stand and be made into a pretty picture," because some one had told her they "were the children from up to Wanghan Place."

Mrs. March took the photograph with precision, and developed it with care and delicacy. She then had it retouched by a professional hand, and finally sent one of the most perfectly touched copies to Mrs. Fortwright, with "her compliments." Mrs. Fortwright acknowledged the attention with a cool note of "thanks for the interesting specimen of Mrs. March's skill"; and there the matter ended for a time.

Shortly after this a ball, given by an outgoing regiment on a scale of such lavish splendor that the greater number of the officers were impoverished by it for the ensuing twelve months, brought together all the county magnates. Among these, as a matter of course, were the Fortwrights, and the Conservative candidate, towed by his enterprising wife.

Local gossip had not found much to feed upon in the Fortwright establishment. All that Mrs. March had been able to find out about them was that the husband was devoted to field-sports and his wife, and that the lady took little interest in anything save good works and her husband. It was added also by Mrs. March's informant that Mrs. Fortwright was not very amenable to social advances, and that she was not much given to seeking people. and was not flatteringly responsive when sought very often. Mrs. March listened with a confident smile to this account of the woman whom she wanted to win over to her own candidate's cause. She knew what the multitud were ignorant of as yet, and that was that she had by a coup already carried Mrs. Fortwright's interest through her maternal instincts. For had she not grouped those plain children artistically, and made them really quite pleasant little roadside objects?

It was late in the night before Mrs. March achieved her object and gained an introduction to the wife of the powerful Liberal. Mrs. Fortwright, a composed, sensible, serious-faced woman, subdued all expression of the astonishment she felt when Mrs. March loudly and volubly commenced the conversation by saying that she had "always felt as if she must know Mrs. Fortwright since the day she had taken those sweet children." A cool bow and a cooler smile rewarded this little burst of enthusiasm, but clever Mrs. March was not easily daunted. She glanced round the ring of amazed spectators, who were enjoying the meeting of two such incongruous elements, and even in louder tones, for it struck her that Mrs. Fortwright was a little deaf—

"I am so glad you were pleased with the photographs. They were such charming models that I felt that I must take them; then, when I was told whose children they were, I feared you might think is a liberty."

"Not at all," Mrs. Fortwright said quietly.

"That charming boy has gone back to school, I suppose, by this time?"

Mrs. Fortwright bowed her head in dignified assent.

"How you must miss him!" the irrepressible Mrs. March went on compassionately.

"Not at all." Mrs. Fortwright replied, in precisely the same tones as before.

"Ah! you still have those sweet little girls at home, under the care of a governess I suppose?" Mrs. March questioned, with pertinacious friendly interest, and in absolute unconsciousness of the fact that two or three of the bystanders were laughing and exchanging glances, half of amusement, half of uneasiness.

"I really do not know whether the little girls you consider so sweet are under the care of a governess or not," Mrs. Fortwright said, so coolly that Mrs. March flushed with mortification, and felt that if she did not win by tricks she certainly would not by honors. Accordingly, as Mrs. Fortwright half turned away and moved a step or two toward another acquaintance, Mrs. March raised her voice still higher, and said—

"Will you let them come and spend a day with me? I am devoted to children. I miss my own little brothers and sisters so much; if you will let yours come they shall have ponies to ride—"

"God has not blessed me with children," Mrs. Fortwright interrupted, gravely and sadly, but in so low a tone that Mrs. March, in her excitement and agitation, failed to grasp the meaning of the words, and so thinking that Mrs. Fortwright had misunderstood her, she repeated her invitation more effusively than before.

Then she had a fall which almost shattered her claims to being either a successful political or social schemer in that district forever, for Mrs. Fortwright replied with dread distinctness—

"I told you that God had not blessed me with any children. The 'charming boy' and 'sweet little girls' you admire so much, and are so kind to invite to spend the day with you, are the son and daughters of our coachman, who is greatly pleased with the photograph, and very grateful to you for having taken it."

Mrs. March made no further electioneering efforts, and her husband was not returned for his division of the county.

DePew Joking on Serious Subjects.

From his speech at the St. Patrick's club dinner.

Last St. Patrick's day we adopted a rule on the New York Central road of putting two green flags at the front of a train—an unconscious tribute to St. Patrick; but Ireland in the yard stopped work at our expense [laughter] and gazed at the trains as they shot out of the depot, and the foreman said to a companion, "Moike, what does it mane?" "Well," said he, "I'll tell you what it manes. The boss has taken the flag which Mayor Hewitt would not permit to stand on the City Hall, and he has put it on the end of every train, and he's going to run for President, sure." [Laughter]. But alas for the aspirations of the yard! The granger didn't like him as well as the yard. [Renewed laughter]. I speak with this freedom, gentlemen, because my commission as minister to England has not yet reached me, but is on the way. [Uproarious laughter.]

Anybody Can Make Ice.

To make ice in a hurry, take a tall cylindrical jar—which of necessity must be earthenware. Pour into it an ounce and three-quarters of water and three and one-third ounces of the sulphuric acid of commerce. Then add one ounce of sulphate of soda in powder. In the center of this mixture stand a small earthenware vessel, and let it contain the water which it is desired to freeze into ice. Cover the middle vessel, and then, if possible, revolve the whole affair by a gentle motion. In a few minutes the inner vessel will contain a block of solid ice, whilst the outer ingredients can be used a second or even a third time to produce further blocks of ice by pouring more fresh water into the inner receptacle. Work in a cool place. If greater bulk of ice is wanted, increase the mixture in same proportion.

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Colored Artists Wanted
In order to know who, where and what our colored artists are. We invite correspondence with them. Write to THE FREEMAN at once. Send specimens of your work.

BARGAINS!
BARGAINS.
BARGAINS.
We are offering the following Bargains:
One lot Dress Goods, former price 15, 20 and 25 cts, to close out at 10 cts.
One lot Dress Goods former price 12½ cts to close out at 7 cts.
One lot 36 inch Cashmere; former price 10 cts., to close out at 5c.
One lot double width Tricots at 25 cents.
One lot 36 ince Tricots at 29 cents, worth 48 cents.
One lot Kid Gloves, 50, 75 cts. and $1.00, to close out at 35 cents.
One lot pins at 1 cent per paper.
One lot Gingham at 5 cents, worth 8 cents.
One lot Light Calico at 5 cents.
One lot Ladies Black Silk Mitts at 12½ cts. worth 25 cents.
One lot Black and colored Gloves (ladies) at 15 cts, worth 25 cents.
One lot Yard-wide unbleached Muslin at 5 cts, regular price 7 cents.
One lot of Bordered Hankerchiefs at 1c, sold everywhere at 5 cents.
One lot Ladies' Hose at 5, 7, and 10 cents.
One lot Scrim at 5 cents.
One lot White Checks for Aprons and Dresses, at 5 cts, worth 8 cents.
One lot Beaded Capes, cheapest in the city.
One lot Gents' French Flannel Shirts at 50 cents, worth 75 cents.
Cheapest line of Flouncing and Embroidering in the city.
Just received, a new line af Misses' and Boys' Felt Caps, at 25 and 50 cts.
Come and secure some of these Bargains while They Last!
Chas. F. Meyer & Co.,
248 and 240 East Washington Street.
Cor. of East and Washington. INDIANAPOLIS, IND

SENSIBLE LOW-COST HOUSES.—HOW TO BUILD THEM. Our new ATLAS, entitled, "SENSIBLE LOW-COST HOUSES—HOW TO BUILD THEM." Now ready. This contains plans, illustrations, and complete descriptions of 56 New, Beautiful, and Cheap Country Houses, costing from $800 to $7500. Shows how you can build a $2000 house for $1750, and how to make them handsome, convenient, healthy, light, cool, and airy in summer, warm and cheaply heated in winter. Tells intending builders of homes what to do, and warns them what not to do. Describes houses adapted to all climates. $1.00 by mail. NATIONAL ARCHITECT'S UNION, 927 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Freeman.

A National Colored Newspaper

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history o the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.50
6 months " "	$1.75
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

ST. JACOBS OIL
FOR NEURALGIA.

Neuralgia and Paralysis--Nov., 1880--Cured.
Springfield, Tenn.
My wife suffered 18 months with neuralgia and paralysis. I had to move her in bed, and could find no relief. By the time she had used two-thirds of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil she could walk.
JOS. P. MURPHY.

From Same 6 Years Later--Permanent Cure.
Springfield, Tenn., Oct. 17, 1886.
My wife was paralyzed and could not walk a step. Before I used a bottle St. Jacobs Oil she was about the house. She is now entirely well; does all the house work and milking too. JOS. P. MURPHY.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating, Nervousness and Low-Spirits.
At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

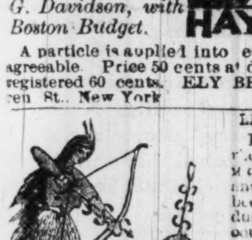
—OF—
COD LIVER OIL,
With Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scrofula and all Wasting Diseases.
IT IS AS PLEASANT AND PALATABLE TO TAKE AS HONEY.
ITS STRENGTHENING EFFECTS ARE ALMOST IMMEDIATE.
IT DOES NOT COME UP TO ASSERT ITSELF SEMI-OCCASIONALLY AFTER BEING SWALLOWED, AS OTHER EMULSIONS CERTAINLY DO.
IT IS A GREAT PRODUCER OF BONE AND MUSCLE, IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD, AND PATIENTS GAIN RAPIDLY WHILE TAKING IT.
IT IS A TRUE EMULSION, THE ONLY ONE THAT IS ALWAYS READY, ALWAYS ALIKE, AND THAT NEVER HAS A THICK, GUMMY AND GREASY BLOB AT THE TOP TO UPSET THE PATIENT'S STOMACH.
IT IS USED IN ALL THE LEADING HOSPITALS.
IT IS PRESCRIBED BY THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.
Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

LAFAYETTE FARM.

Lafayette, Tippecanoe County, Indiana.
CROUCH & TRAVIS, Prop's.
Breeders and importers of Royal Belgians, Clydesdales, Shire, Coach, General Purposes and Trotting Breeds of the Royal George and Hambletonians. We have just received a large importation of Stallions. We also have some fine Jacks and Jennets on hand. Write for catalogue. Correspondence answered promptly.
CITY OFFICE, FARM STABLES, 140 and 142 Main Street.

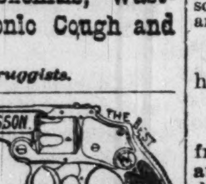
ELY'S
CREAM BALM.
I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with Boston Budget.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.



REMARKABLE CASE.
For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 162 to 75 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while I was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.
JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Jan. 8, 1889.
Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.
It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.
Sold by all Druggists.



IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.
Mention this paper.
SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

SINGERS and Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

PORTER'S POPULARITY.

A Claim that His Private Secretary Contributed Largely to It.

Indianapolis News.

The services of Mr W. B. Roberts as private secretary are in high demand. Very soon after he was taken into confidential relations with Governor Hovey he was offered the position of private secretary to Vice President Morton, and it is said that he is Minister Porter's choice for Secretary of Legation at Rome, while the only reason why he will not be elected Secretary of the State Board of Charities is because the duties will require more attention than he can give without neglecting more important demands upon his time. He likes his present position too well to give it up for any of the others that have been offered him.

He is a rare young man and possesses a peculiar combination of exceptional qualities that make his services very valuable to a public man. Somehow he becomes an old-time friend after an hour's acquaintance, and he never forgets the face or name of any persons he meets. Porter's popularity with the people while Governor, was very largely due to Roberts, who was the executive clerk. It was his principal duty to look after the callers. He would hold a little conversation with them, in the course of which he would adroitly learn their names, if they had ever met the Governor, and if they had, when and where. He would then manage to inform the Governor about the callers before they were admitted to his presence, or in presenting them would remark, "Governor, Mr. So-and-so, whom you doubtless remember having met at ——," and the caller was greeted with hearty cordiality by the Governor, who would proceed to ask questions indicating an acquaintance with his visitor that was agreeably surprising. Once a very embarrassing mistake was made. Two Republican politicians of local prominence called, and they each desired to see the Governor privately. Roberts reported to the Governor such information about them as would enable him to talk to them as of old acquaintances, stating that the Vigo county man would be admitted first and the Morgan county politician next. The Governor misunderstood or forgot which would be presented first. When the Vigo county man entered the private room of the Executive he was greeted very cordially by the Governor, with the remark, "Ah, Mr. ——, I am very glad to see you." The Governor had used the wrong name, but the caller said nothing. Two or three misdirected inquiries were made. The responses indicated lack of interest or appreciation. The Governor doubtless felt that he wasn't warm enough, and he remarked, "Do you know, Mr. Blank, that I have always had a particularly kind feeling for the people of Morgan county?"

"So," responded the caller. "Very nice people, I have no doubt; but I don't know much about them. I live at Terre Haute. I guess you have mistaken me for another man. My name isn't Blank." It was a little embarrassing, but the call ended agreeably enough. Roberts was careful afterward not to allow information about visitors to get mixed. Vice President Morton's acquaintance with Mr. Roberts was brief, but it was enough to convince him that the young man would be valuable to him. When the Vice President came to Indianapolis to visit General Harrison, Roberts met him at Muncie, introduced himself, and at once took charge of Mr. Morton. A crowd gathered about the private car of the Vice President and was clamoring for him to appear before them. Roberts brought him from the car, introduced him to the people, got them to shaking hands with him and Mrs. Morton, and started the cry, "What's the matter with Morton?" to which the crowd responded: "He's all right." Morton felt that he was getting along pretty well with the people and asked Roberts to accompany him on the trip from Muncie to Indianapolis. He accepted the invitation, and the acquaintance during the said ride brought to Roberts a few weeks later the Vice Presidential Private Secretaryship.

The Stomach Distils Acids.

These, if existent in a natural quantity, and unvitiated by bile, play their part in the functions of digestion and assimilation. But the artificial acid resulting from the inability of the stomach to convert food received by it into sustenance, is the producer of flatulence and heartburn, which are the most harassing symptoms of dyspepsia. The best carminative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Far more effective is it than carbonate of soda, magnesia or other alkaline salts. These invariably weaken the stomach without producing permanent benefit. No man or woman chronically dyspeptic, and consequently nervous, can be in possession of the full measure of vigor allowed by nature. Therefore, invigorate and regulate the system, and by so doing protect it from malaria, rheumatism and other serious maladies.

When the sun sets he hatches night-hawks.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

K. K. Kures Koughs. 25c bottle. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

THE GRAIN OF SALT.

A lady finding a beggar-boy at her door gave him a meal of coffee, meat, and bread and butter, which he sat down in the area to eat. A moment afterward, however, he rapped beseechingly at the door again, and on its being opened remarked with his hand upon his heart, "If I had but a little salt I should be perfectly happy."

Of course he got the salt.

Human nature is always lacking something. Oftentimes it were better off without its wishes, yet it is universally conceded that no permanent enjoyment can be had without the savor of health, which keeps good cheer fresh and preserves and sweetens life for the future.

The great, ruddy farmer pines because he has not won fame or position. The famous man longs for the lusty health of the sturdy farmer.

The grain of salt is wanting.

How to secure and retain the savor of health in the midst of this rushing, nervous, over-worked generation is a problem worthy of our closest attention. It cannot be done with stimulants, which but spur on the over-worked nerves to fresh efforts, only to leave them more jaded and shattered. Nor with narcotics, which temporarily soothe, but to create an unnatural appetite, the terror of which a De Quincy has so graphically portrayed.

It may be asked, what is the cause of this extreme nervousness, lack of appetite, lung trouble, deficient heart action, failing eyesight, apoplectical tendency, etc. We reply, poisoned blood, caused by diseased kidneys, and the troubles indicated are after all, but symptoms of advanced Kidney Disease, which is but another name for Bright's Disease. Unless remedied there will be a complete breaking down of the great blood-purifying organs, the kidneys, and they will be excreted, piece-meal, through the urine.

Now, in the spring of the year, owing to the extra work which has been put upon the Kidneys and Liver, through a meat diet during the winter months, these symptoms are more pronounced, and the danger to the patient correspondingly increased. It is therefore imperative that the poisoned blood be eradicated, and that the Kidneys be put in complete health, which can be speedily and effectually accomplished by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, a tried and proved specific in hundreds of thousands of cases.

Pursuing the path we have marked out you will possess the salt of content, without which life's banquet is "flat, stale and unprofitable."

John crazed by his love for Angeline—A lun(y)a bow.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, (caused by catarrh), that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Father Time is like a French cook—He keeps his years well seasoned.

A TRAVELING MAN.

Causes Great Excitement in the Empire House.

INDEPENDENCE, Iowa, Oct. 14, 1888.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.:

GENTS—Your Mr. Brooks came here to-night and registered as agent for Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and as he did so, it awakened in me an interest never before realized in a guest at my house. You will not wonder at it when I tell you the story. For years I have been greatly afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, the pain and soreness of the joints at times being almost unbearable; could move about only with the use of crutches. In addition to this my stomach became badly diseased, and neuralgia set in, which threatened to end my days. A traveling man stopping with me gave quite a history of your Syrup, and the peculiarities of its combinations which induced me to try it. I have taken six bottles, and no act in my life affords me greater satisfaction than in writing you that I am a WELL MAN.

It will be a pleasure for me to answer any communications, for I believe it to be the best remedy even formulated.

A. J. BOWLEY, Proprietor.
Empire House, Independence, Iowa.

The Florida woods are full of bird-plume hunters, and if the cruel slaughter is kept up the plume birds of that State will soon become extinct.

—I have used MAGEE'S EMULSION with gratifying results and shall continue to use it in my practice. F. S. Wilcox, M. D., Sanitarian Hospital, Brooklyn.

If you Kough at night take K. K. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

WANTED An active man of business tact to introduce something entirely new in the schools. Must be fairly educated and have good address. To one able and willing to work for advancement, we will guarantee permanent position and good salary from the beginning with assurance of promotion according to ability. Address with stamp for particulars, stating age, experience, etc., J. B. DANIS, Drawer 662, CHICAGO, ILL.

A VERITABLE JONAH.

Unique Career of a Deputy Postmaster Who Has Finally Proved a Defaulter Himself.

New Brunswick (N. J.) Special.

Deputy Postmaster Edward Deshler is reported as a defaulter. The report created great excitement in this city when it was made public yesterday. Deshler left the city on Saturday night for parts unknown. Postmaster Price says the rules of the department prevent his saying anything about the case. Deshler was in charge of the money-order department, through which thousands of dollars pass weekly, and also kept the books of the cash department.

It is believed that Deshlers' defalcation will range all the way from $1,000 to $6,000. He has had a checkered career in New Brunswick. He was book keeper for County Collector Hart Moore, who served a term in State prison for embezzlement. Directly thereafter he served in the same capacity for Collector Leston, who was found guilty of embezzling the county funds and sentenced to State prison. In strange sequence he was book-keeper for Collector Levi D. Jarrard, who stole $39,000 skipped to Canada, and was returned by requisition in 1883 and sentenced to State prison for ten years. It was Deshler's evidence that convicted Jarrard, and it is believed to this day that he committed the forgeries through which Jarrard was extradited. He has been a Jonah to every official with whom he has been connected, although many of his transgressions have been covered up for the sake of his family, who hold a high position in the social scale at New Brunswick.

A Borrowing Family.

Texas Siftings.

Little girl—Mrs. Brown, my mother sent me to ask you if you would lend her a dozen eggs. She wants to set a hen on them.

Mrs. Brown—I didn't know your mother kept any hens.

She hasn't got any hen yet, but Mrs. Smith has promised to lend ma one as soon as she has the eggs for the hen to set on.

In Paris they now make toilet powder puffs of velvet instead of swan's down. The powder by this means is distributed much more evenly, and hence a better effect is produced.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

K. K. stops any tickling Kough. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

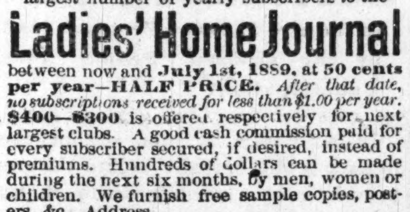
SOUTH DAKOTA'S BOOM.

South Dakota is now engaging public attention through her early achievement of statehood, as well as by her phenomenal growth and the rapid development of her wonderful agricultural resources, and the advantages she offers to home-seekers and persons desiring safe and profitable investments. A new pamphlet containing recent letters citing the actual experience of reliable residents, and other valuable information relating to Dakota, will be mailed free upon request by E. P. WILSON, No. 2? Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Short's Kough Kure costs 25c bottle. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

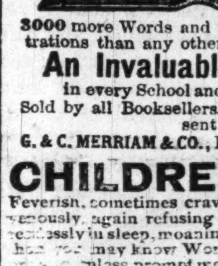
$500 IN Cash
Is offered to the person who shall send in the largest number of yearly subscribers to the
Ladies' Home Journal
between now and July 1st, 1889, at 50 cents per year—HALF PRICE. *After that date, no subscriptions received for less than $1.00 per year.* $400—$300 is offered respectively for next largest clubs. A good cash commission paid for every subscriber secured, if desired, instead of premiums. Hundreds of dollars can be made during the next six months, by men, women or children. We furnish free sample copies, posters, &c. Address
CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WEBSTER



3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.
An Invaluable Companion
in every School and at every Fireside.
Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated Pamphlet sent free.
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

CHILDREN are IRRITABLE
Feverish, sometimes craving food and eating ravenously, again refusing wholesome diet, tossing restlessly in sleep, moaning and grinding the teeth, how you may know Worms are sapping at their ... unless prompt measures are taken, spasms ... death will follow. B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE NEVER FAILS to ... and see for yourself, it has stood the test FOR 60 YEARS.



5 TON
WAGON SCALES,
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box,
$60 and
JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

LADIES, LOOK! New price-list of Rug machines, Patterns, Yarn, &c., and book of beautiful colored pattern designs free. Agents Wanted. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

"Brother Charley, what does it say on that big board under the birdies?"

"It says 'be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.'"

"Why that's what mamma told us."

"Yes, and she said do not take anything else, no matter what they offer you. Look for the big letter Z on the bottle, with Hood's Sarsaparilla on it,' and that's what I'm going to do."

This little dialogue dwells upon a point we wish to strongly impress upon your mind. If you have been led to decide, from the advertising or from what you have heard in regard to cures effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla, that you will try this medicine, you should not allow yourself to be induced to buy some other preparation, which may be claimed to be "as good as Hood's" Remember that the sole reason for recommending something else when Hood's Sarsaparilla is called for is that more profit is made on the substitute.

Therefore we say: Insist on having Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the ideal Spring Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old-style pills! Who does not know
What agony they caused—what woe?
You walked the floor, you groaned, you sighed
And felt such awful pain inside,

And the next day you felt so weak,
You didn't want to move or speak.
Now Pierce's "Pellets" are so mild
They are not dreaded by a child.

They do their work in painless way
And leave no weakness for next day
Thus proving what is oft confest,
That gentle means are always best.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

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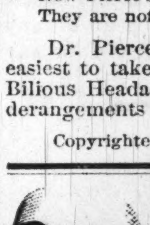

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.
SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.
By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

THE BEST PRICE COUGH 25 CTS. MEDICINE.
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND
SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO MOTHERS MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS.
MILLIONS OF ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.
SEND FOR Publications with Maps describing The BEST Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers Sent Free. Address
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I CURE FITS!
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I N J 14—89 INDPLS

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THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER, PROPRIETOR.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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Indianapolis, - - Ind.

Storer College, for Colored Youth, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

"GET HUMBLE, BE PATIENT."

A GOOD TIME COMING FOR COLORED MEN.

Aquilla Jones, Sr., is still custodian of the Federal building. When Mr. Wallace is appointed places will be given to four of five colored men. Later, when some changes now contemplated in the postoffice are made, there will be places for ten or twelve colored men, several of them, places of responsibility. "If they will only be patient," said Postmaster Wallace, "they will be well recognized after a while. We can't do everything at once.—Indianapolis News.

"Get humble. be patient."

We like these words. they be golden and vibrate with the true ring. "Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on." Let not a halt be called until the foolish white Republicans, whom the Republican Negroes so kindly and considerately elected to office a few months since, are quieted in their fears that the colored man might ask for recognition by an assurance that even they cannot fail to understand, viz: That the Negroes will be "patient," bearing themselves as becomes humble servitors, "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Negroes of America, scions of the world's admiration, haughty, defiant, impatient race of men, in the name of posterity's homage, curb your proud spirits, and in the interest and welfare of all the other members of America's great cosmopolitan family, get down on your marrow bones at the wayside trough. and eat humble pie and "sech stuff," if you would be deemed "good niggers." "Get humble, be patient." Until every Irishman, German, Scandanavian, Esquimaux and Hottentot in the land is recognized and given fat places at the Nation's crib, how dare you ask for anything? "Get humble." "Be patient." For years you have had your way. You have been impatient and exacting, and have occupied all the offices, plucked all the good "plums," while the poor, patient white man has secured nothing. "Get humble." "Be patient." Years from now, after the postoffice building is made larger, and more moppers and spittoon cleaners are needed, "there will be positions for ten or twelve colored men." "Get humble." "Be patient." Learn "to labor and to wait;" ye have never learned it yet, brethren. You have asked too much, and have had too much. The result is apparent. A blind man could see it. A white Republican has some few rights and privileges that even you, proud and ambitious men, must learn to respect. Why should you murmur and marvel because the extra session of the Senate has come and gone without passing upon the claims for place and distinction of a single Negro, or that the new postmaster of the Hoosier capital has seen fit to make moppers of you up to this time, instead of clerks, carriers, etc.? The Senate will convene again some months from now, and Aquilla Jones, Sr., will let go his grip on the Federal building sometime between now and "pokeberry time," and then places "will be given to four or five colored men." Negroes—"black Republicans," martyrs to misplaced confidence and to politicians with crocodile laughs, "get humble," "be patient."

It is evident that President Harrison intends to unload the Negro, so to speak, from the Republican party and to do what no other President has ever done, break the solid South. Thus far he has not appointed a single Negro to a first-class place; neither has he advised or had a consultation with the prominent men of the race. He has conducted the administration in his own way and has left the Negro "out in the cold." It may be for the best interest of the country and for the Republican party, but it smacks of the basest ingratitude to the Negro when his loyalty to the party in the last campaign is considered. We believe in civil service reform and a business like administration of public offices, but we certainly do not believe in a policy which means the exclusion of the Negro. Rutherford B. Hayes had a Southern policy of the milk and water consistency and we know how dismal a failure it was. Mr. Harrison may imitate it and aim to pave the way for '92, but he will find it like Sambo's mule, "hard to handle. Meantime the colored people are "kicking," and especially those who were most bitter in denouncing colored independents and Democrats in the late election.

Some men who were too timid or cowardly to assert their independence at the last election are now writing voluminous letters to The Freeman abusing President Harrison and extoling Cleveland. We consign all such matter to the waste basket—and we have a large one. While The Freeman is independent in politics, it will speak a good word for Mr. Harrison when we think he deserves it and criticise him when we think it necessary. Our columns, however shall not be used as conduits through which people can hurl abuse and calumny over non-de plumes.

We give considerable space in this issue to the opinions and comments of the press concerning The Freeman. It may smack somewhat of egotism and self-aduiation but its a poor trumpheter indeed who will not blow his own bugle. The Freeman is filling a "long felt want" in Negro journalism is evinced by the good opinion of those most competent to judge. There has never been a newspaper in this country published by colored men whose growth of circulation will begin to compare with that of The Freeman in the last three months. Meantime it will continue to improve and we do not intend to relax our efforts until The Freeman is the peer of any newspaper on the American or any other continent.

SCINTILLATIONS

The Negro is slowly but surely getting his eyes open.

Mrs. Harrison denies that she dismissed all of the colored servants from the White House.

Mrs. Harrison's emancipation proclamation let all the colored people out of the White House.

The first man to be removed from office in Indiana was a colored man, J. T. V. Hill, postal clerk on the I. & V. railroad.

The Negro will yet learn that the independent vote is most eagerly sought and the "kicker" is generally recognized.

The Richmond Critic is discussing two all important subjects—How to eradicate the color line and Does Fred Douglass represent the Negro race?

It used to be a rare thing for a colored person to suicide, but it seems that we are gradually acquiring the bad traits of the white people.

The man who owes a subscription bill should not be too modest to pay it. The editor will always receive him with open arms and—an empty pocket-book.

Anent the multiplicity of candidates for the Liberian mission we rise to remark that submission is about the only mission that 99 per cent of those who are after it will get.

The Columbus (Ga.) Messenger advises the colored voter not to work politically hereafter, unless he is paid for it. It looks now as if this advice would be followed by a great number.

The restlessness and uncertainty of the Negro vote is doing good work for the race in Kansas. Colored men are being placed on the ticket all over the State and the colored papers are receiving a large share of the local announcements and advertisements. The uncertain vote is always the one most eagerly sought.

One of the downright afflictions of the colored press is the voluntary contributor who "just thought he would hand in a little "artickle" and will subscribe for your paper when his "artickle" is published."

If colored men would spend as much time and cunning in securing positions as they do in having a few colored Democrats removed, the race would be more benefitted and better recognized.

The colored Republicans of New York City have a Kilkenny cat fight on hand and as a local paper puts it: "These gentlemen are just now proceeding on the good old Irish plan of "wherever you see a head hit it.""

In the cartoon which appears in this issue of The Freeman, our artist gives an excellent portraiture of the political situation, thus far. While the President and his Cabinet are busy appointing white men of all nationalities by the scores, the Negro the most faithful and loyal allies to the Republican party are ignored entirely.

A correspondent of the Writer asks why a pound of manuscript passing between author and publisher should need more postage than a pound of calico, and the Chicago America responds: "The answer is simple. It is a wise duty imposed by the government for the protection of the most defenseless mortals on the face of the earth—editors."

The Republican party which has so long boasted of its love for the Negro now has an opportunity of proving it. There are three colored men contesting for seats in Congress, and as both houses are Republican we are anxious to see what disposition will be made of them. These contestants come from overwhelming Republican districts and there can be no doubt as to the justness of their claims.

AN INQUIRY PROPOSED.

Should a Commission be Appointed to Inquire Into the Progress Made by the Colored People Since Emancipation?

In 1877 Rev. A. J. Chambers managed to have a bill brought before Congress providing for a commission to inquire into and report upon the condition of the colored people of this country. Thus introduced, the matter has been before Congress in some manner up to the present.

Many things have combined both to divert attention from the measure, and also to prejudice it in the eyes of the colored people themselves. Now, however, that a full quarter of a century of freedom has been experienced, and the party which secured emancipation has again returned to power, it seems eminently fitting to urge attention to this proposal.

A thorough inquiry into the facts at this time would furnish important data for the gravest purposes. The government has by its inquiries into strikes and lockouts, and into convict labor, ambly justified such a procedure.

Without entering upon the argument in favor of so important a measure, I beg leave to suggest that petitions in favor of this measure be gotten up and forwarded to Congress at its next session. I have prepared a petition for this purpose, and will furnish blanks to any one who will send his or her address to me. Let us bring to bear on Congress the strongest petition possible, that the facts of our condition may be brought to light in a report which will be accepted by all as authoritative. Push the matter from all quarters.

T. G. Steward,
114 East Centre st., Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS ALEXANDER BECKMAN

Journalist, Tonsorialist and Physician---An All-around Man With a Hand for Anything.

The subject of this sketch was born at Fernandina, Fla., in 1858. Removing to Savannah, Ga., in the same year, where he lived without change until 1881. In the meantime, from eleven to twenty-three, his young life and career was a checkered one. At one time a traveling showman, next a jockey, then a hod carrier, now hunted and chased by the kuklux, anon the Captain of the Savannah Hussars, his life at this period was as exciting and changable as a chameleon's skin. Turning his back upon the life of a showman, he returned to Savannah, and in company with a Mr. Hardin started the Savannah Echo, now known as The Tribune. A change came o'er the spirit of his dream, and he turned from journalism to learn the blacksmith trade; worked at it six months, and then went to Georgetown, S. C., where he learned the barber trade. Time went by and he made a short visit to his home in Savannah, after which he sailed on the steamship Montgomery, plying between Fernandina and New York City, as ship's barber. Afterwards he returned to Savanah, the home of his boyhood, and at the urgent solicitation of many friends embarked in the barber business, doing a thriving trade until the advent of the yellow fever, when he went to Jacksonville, Fla. He next figured as a hotel keeper in his adopted city. His hostelry, known as the "Stranger's Home," situated on the corner of West Broad and Indian streets, was a large brick building, well furnished and equipped with all modern appliances. Becoming a great favorite, he was placed upon the Republican county ticket, but fared as all colored candidates in the South, and was counted out. Becoming at last disgusted with the spirit of the "New South," he came North in the Spring of 1881, settling in New York City. In June, 1881, he was called to Tarrytown, on the Hudson, to take a position in the leading tonsorial parlor of that city, remaining until fall, when he turned his face southwards towards Savanah once more, as a traveling salesman and agent for a full assortment of fine jewelry, diamonds and precious stones. About this time, '82, young Beckam felt his heart filled with a sudden, strange, but sweet pain. 'Twas the "old, old story." He loved and led to the altar the accomplished and lovely daughter of Joseph and Jane Harris, of New York City. In the spring of '83, in company with his young and blushing bride, he took up his permanent residence at Peeksvill, N. Y. Since residing in Peekskill he has come to be known and respected by all of her citizens, professional and non-professional, as a straightforward, upright business man. He has made a scientific study of all skin diseases, especially those pertaining to the scalp and head, and is now known far and wide as an authority on salt rheum, scrofula, ringworm, etc. He has passed successfully the most rigid examinations by the highest chemical authority of the East, and has well earned his title of Professor and M. D. His professional office is at No. 23 Central ave., Peekskill, and his elegant tonsorial parlor is found at No. 21. He is a go ahead, progressive young business man. Watch him.

THE STAGE.

In making my bow to the readers of this column as its editor, I desire to say a few words in regard to the manner in which the stage column will be conducted. We shall try from week to week to furnish such news as will interest all lovers of music, elecution, oratory, etc. There has been in the past too much puffing and not enough just criticism of artists, and that has been one of the great drawbacks. Our artists have received nothing but praises, while Booths and Irvings are criticised. We will make it our duty to deal with all fairly and justly to the best of our ability; we will strive to reward the good and to show the bad their faults. This last remark does not mean that we intend to use hard gloves on any, but render a fair criticism and an honest verdict, and in so doing we hope to elevate the artist and interest the readers. The column will from time to time contain poetry and contributions from those well versed in the science and art of elocution and music, giving an analysis of their methods. All are invited to contribute.

Queries concerning the stage will be answered, not by mail, but through this column.

Artists are requested to send their route and date ahead for publication.

While the Selika Concert Company were at Memphis, Tenn., there was an attachment put upon the troupe's effects by the proprietor of the Peabody Hotel, for the manager's (J. H. Alliger) board bill. This was settled by Mr. S. W. Williams, (Mme. Selika's husband) who afterwards assumed the management, and the company went on their way rejoicing.

It was with delight that I learned that Mr. C. W. Anderson, better known as the "Rounder," is soon to become one of our contributors. He is, in my judgment, one of the best writers in his line, the country has produced. We await his salutatory article with much anxiety.

Miss Elnorah Nahar, the charming young elocutionist of Boston, appeared at the 3d St. A. M. E. Church, Richmond, Va., on Monday evening to a large audience.

Tom McIntosh and Wm. Gairze are traveling west doing specialties.

Kirk's Uncle Toms Cabin Co., stranded last week in El Paso, Tex.

B. F. Lightfoot.

BASE BALL JOTTINGS.

The regular season opens April 24. The Clevelands will be the opposing team.

: : :

Louisville has more colored amateur ball players than any other city in the Union.

: : :

The Pinchbacks, of Louisiana, have purchased elegant new uniforms for the coming season.

: : :

Two picked nines of colored players will play their annual match game on Decoration Day.

: : :

The exhibition games should be well patronized. The contesting clubs are all strong, and the games will be full of interest.

: : :

Storey and Walker, the famous colored battery, will be the stars of the Newark, (N. J.,) International League team this season.

: : :

Al. Jones' aggregation of sphere tossers will probably appear in this city during the summer and play one or more games with the city league clubs.

: : :

The local club promises to play great ball this season. Manager Bancroft is a strict disciplinarian and long-headed base ballist. The club will not be below fifth place.

: : :

With the Cuban Giants as a neucleus, a splendid colored league could be organized in this country. We think Manager Govern is just the man to agitate the scheme.

: : :

Higgins, the black twirler of the Syracuse nine, was offered flattering inducements to join the Athletics, of Philadelphia, but declined and will remain with the Syracuse Stars. He is a prime favorite with the New York ball "cranks."

PERSONAL

Messrs. Barnett & Williams, of Chicago, are doing a thriving law business.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, the evangelist and missionary, is now in Monrovia, Liberia.

Mr. William Beasley, of Chicago, has let the contract for his elegant $5,000 dwelling.

Hon. S. A. McElwee, of Nashville, Tenn., is said to have refused the Liberian mission.

Nelson L. Neal is traveling for the wholesale house of Smith & Nixon, of Louisville, Ky.

P. T. Wright, of Kansas City, has been appointed detective, at that place, by Chief Speers.

Dr. McCallister, of Chicago, has been nominated by the republicans for South town clerk.

Miss Ida B. Wells, of Memphis, Tenn., is contributing some interesting letters to several race newspapers.

Hon. John M. Langston expresses himself as positively certain of being awarded his seat in the next congress.

Mrs. Maggie Perter-Cole, one of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, sang at Govenor's levee, in Michigan, last week.

Mr. Frank M. Bryant, a colored stenographer, of Louisville, Ky., is said to be the fastest short hand writer in the state.

J. C. Duke, late of Alabama, is now editor of the Pine Bluff Hornet, and is doing some effective work on that spicy sheet.

Mr. Geo. McIlraine, editor of the St. Louis "Citizen," has gone to Evansville, Ind., to take charge of a high school.

Dr. N. J. Stith, one of the Crittenden county, Ark., exiles, has moved back to Marion with the intention of permanently locating.

Col. George W. Williams, the historian, is a candidate for the Haytian mission. His enemies want to know where he was during the last campaign.

W. T. Scott, of the Cairo Gazette, is the happiest man in the country. He "told the black republicans so," last fall, but they didn't believe it. They see for themselves now.

Chas. W. Ellis, jr., of East Saginaw, Mich., who has been attending the Detroit College of Medicine, for the past three years, graduated with distinguished honors this year.

Rev. J. T. Caston was nominated for alderman in Warrensburg, Kans., recently. The colored people say that if their man is scratched they will vote the solid democratic ticket and keep the republicans out altogether.

THE FIELD OF POLITICS.

The demand of the Negro for recognition is assuming mastodonic proportions.

J. H. Beach has been appointed messenger in one of the departments at Washington.

There is nothing more wearing on the Negroes than waiting for an office—that perhaps never comes.

Dr. S. A. Elbert may not be chosen Recorder of Deeds, but it is thought that he will be given some other good position.

Don D. Wells and C. H. Morpin want to be clerks in the local postoffice, and are moving heaven and earth to that end.

Hon. J. S. Hinton will, in all probability, be appointed Consul to Jamaica, a $3,500 place. His selection will give genuine satisfaction to the colored people of Indiana.

It does not seem to be a very sensible policy to give up a good steady business to accept subordinate positions under the Government. The craze for the tinsel and trappings of office, however, is a fascinating thing.

The applicants for positions as carriers in the city post office are many but only one has taken the required examination. There is a general feeling among our citizens that R. W. Thompson, the only colored carrier now connected with the office, should be retained, and it is understood that no change will be made. He has proven highly efficient, steady and reliable, is popular with all classes, and such men ought not be displaced.

Colored laborers of Danville, Va., have struck for $1.25 per day.

There is only one colored saloonkeeper in Brooklyn, N. Y. There are five in Indianapolis.

A colored Jewess sued a Chinaman for $25,000 for breach of promise, in New York, last week. The case was compromised.

Objections are made by some of the "press gang" against holding the press convention at Raleigh, N. C. Why not meet in Indianapolis.

The "Hungry Nine" base ball team, of Newport, played the colored waiters, of Atlanta City, the Old Colony, "The Never Fed." Victory for the former.

Colored women of New York City have organized for the help of their sisters, and have leased a four-story house as a "home for friendless colored girls."

Loudon Johnson, colored cook on a schooner at Baltimore, Md., was shot Wednesday night by Theodore Noa because the latter found a cockroach in the soup.

There were 182,000 white people in North Carolina in 1880, above the age of ten years, who could not read and write. Of these, 42,000 were white men, as the census shows.

The Negro belongs to more orders and other societies for his protection than any body else in this country; and yet he is the worst treated and most abused. Their obligations seem to be meanless and of no effect whatever.—S. W. Advocate.

Six cars, filled with colored people, left Raleigh on Monday, en route to Mississippi. The bulk of them came from Selma and other points in Johnston county. So far, some 12,000 have left the state, but rather more than half have gone to Georgia to work in the turpentine industry.

An official statement by the Governor of South Carolina shows that out of eigh hundred and ninety-four convicts in the State prison eight hundred and forty-three are colored. It must have been a very lax administration of South Carolina justice that permitted fifty-one white men to get in.

Savannah Negroes refuse to work in gangs with Italian laborers. The line must be drawn somewhere. It has also been noticed that in New Orleans that Negroes have almost entirely monopolized the business of making hand-organ street music, once peculiar to the Italian.

Last year Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, a Chicago restauranteur divided $1,100 among the waiters at his bakery. He renewed his kind offer of $50 to each waiter who was with him at the end of the ensuing year. The year was up this week, and Tuesday Mr. Kohlsaat generously kept his promise, and more than a $1,000 was divided among his men.

There are now two daily newspapers published and controlled by Afro-Americans. There are in operation two banks doing good business. There are insurance associations, building and loan associations and other enterprises far too numerous to mention requiring capital, energy and pluck and business ability. And yet the enemies of the race say they are retrograding and are an inferior race.—Plaindealer.

It was reported and "went the rounds of the press" that Madame Selika refused to sing in an Opera House, South, because the managers refused to sell first-class seats to colored people. At the same time she was being billed and heralded as a Cherokee. Now, the same thing is being said of Miss Flora Batson. The fact of the matter is, they will all sing when the receipts justify it. Neither do they draw the color line on those who wish to hear them.

In the island of Barbadoes the 170,000 colored people are ruled by only 20,000 whites, the whites holding nearly absolutely all the offices. The blacks have been free since 1834—nearly 55 years. The Barbadoes Negro does not differ very materially from the United States product in this regard. In at least five of the Southern States the Negroes are in the majority, but they will tip their hats and vote for any white man who claims to be a Republican. And they will persecute and ostracise any colored man who advises them to do their own thinking or vote their sentiments.

Hon. Jere A. Brown's House bill, providing against the discrimination of life insurance companies against persons of color, passed the Senate this afternoon. It requires that all insurance companies shall insure whomsoever applies, regardless of color, upon precisely the same terms, providing of course, that the applicant conforms to the laws and requirements of the insurance companies. It is intended to place the Afro-American upon the same footing with white persons.—Gazette.

Mrs. Mary Green, wife of the only Negro who voted the Democratic ticket in Clark county, Ind., died last week, driven insane by her misfortunes and the persecutions of her husband by his own race. Harvey Green was ostracised by the entire Negro population, and he died unattended, except by his wife, two months ago. Next his child died and now the wife. During the campaign an attempt to assassinate him was made as he returned home at night, guarded by two white men, Messrs. Read and Rave; the entire party barely escaping a fusilade of bullets.

EDWARD V. WILLIAMS,
Musician of Philadelphia, Pa.,

PROF. T. A. BECKMAN,
Of Peekskill, N. Y.

LAWYER E. J. WARING,
Of Baltimore, Md.

F. R. PERRYMAN,
The Crayon Artist of Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD V. WILLIAMS, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Edward V. Williams was born in Philadelphia in 1861, and is, therefore, at this writing 28 years of age. He is one of the graduates of the Institute for Colored Youth, and early evinced a great and remarkable musical taste and predelic-tion. He was engaged at a very early age, because of his precocious talents, as organist of one the leading and fashionable churches of the "Quaker City," shortly after, opening musical studios, both in New York and Philadelphia. The former city has become his home and for a long period was correspondent from the same to the "Philadelphia Tribune." He is at present engaged in an effort to bring about a Grand National Contest between all the professors of music in the country. A large sum of money and a medal will be offered as prizes. The instruments to be played upon will be the piano, organ and violin. The contest will take place in one of the largest halls in New York City and cannot fail to arouse universal attention. One of Mr. William's dreams, is, that he will live long enough to know of the colored people of America owning one of the largest "Musical Conservatories" in the world. Grant that his dream may be realized.

WHAT THE HOME PAPERS SAY.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interest of colored people is The Freeman, of this city. No other paper that we know of is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Evening News.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

"The Living Way" wants to know why can't colored singers go without white men as managers and The Age says because it doesn't pay.

HARPER'S FERRY.

ITS ANCIENT APPEARANCE AND ROMANTIC SCENERY.

A Brief Description of Storer College and the Work that is Being Accomplished.

Some villages and institutions are in many instances, like individuals, in that they rise to prominence through some notable event that might have happened during the time in which they were founded.

Nature before sending forth her works into the Laboratory of usefulness stamps them with a peculiar mark by which they may be distinguished, though they may appear to the eye to be the same.

So with Harper's Ferry, situated in the extreme eastern portion of West Virginia; surrounded on all side by rugged mountains and with the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers flowing through the craggy valleys on the right and left, mark it as a place of peculiar interest. Situated between these two streams is the State of West Virginia and on the right of the former mentioned river is the State of Virginia and on the left of the latter is Maryland. At the junction of these two streams where they unite and form one, is located a small village known as Harper's Ferry presenting an appearance equal to that of many parts of Switzerland. The scenery surrounding this village is picturesque and romantic. The majestic and sublime mountain heights thrown up in the background, with their projecting cliffs, peaks and natural sculptured figures, present a scene of loveliness almost indescribible, which seems, as if it were to speak and challenge all lovers of art to imitate either on canvass or stone. In this hamlet, which is one of historical interest, being the scene of fierce battles during our civil war and the home and the death place of a great and honored martyr, is located an old and notworthy institution—known as Storer College, which derives ite name from Mr. John Storer, of Maine, who at the close of the late rebellion generously donated $10,000 toward the founding of this institution.

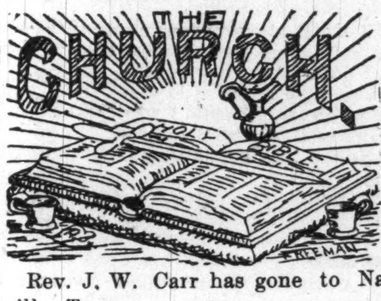
Storer College has done a great deal of good work, in educating and elevating a vast number of our people.

The students are envioned by the best of influence are placed under a good and wholesome discipline. Rev. N. C. Brakett, President of the college, who has remained in charge ever since the day it was founded and to whom great credit is due for the successful work done, is a man of noble character and sound judgement. He is devoting his whole life to the work in this school endeavoring zealously to enlighten the sable sons of America, who may chance to come under his fatherly care.

Messrs. J. M. Arter and H. Hatter, members of the faculty, are well qualified for the work assigned them, both gentlemen are graduates from noted colleges in high standing.

Storer College belongs to the Free Baptist denomination, and we trust that He who provides for the wants of mankind and rewards all men for the faithful discharge of their earthly duties, will provide bounteously for the needs of this school, and lead it on into a bright and prosperous future, as brilliant as the shinning stars, which awaits it.

Representative of THE FREEMAN.



Rev. J. W. Carr has gone to Nashville, Tenn.

***

Rev. C. H. Boardly has been appointed to Oxford, Pa.

***

Bishop Tanner spent last Sunday in New York City.

***

Rev. J. C. Temple, of St. Louis, is very popular and is highly regarded.

***

The Rev. L. C. Chambers continues his revival meeting in Zion Mission, Philadelphia.

***

The Cotton Avenue A. M. E. Church at Macon' Ga., two Sundays ago raised $541.79.

***

The Rev. Margaret Wilson will hold her quarterly meeting at Franklinville, N. J., April 7th.

***

Rev. Geo. Sissle, formerly of Springfield, Ohio, has been appointed to Simpson's chapel, this city.

***

The good people of Bethel Church, Philadelphia, are going to give Rev. C. T. Shaffer a free will offering.

***

Bishop W. J. Gaines is now sojourning in Georgia, and his district is said to be alert and in harmony with him.

***

There is a Colored Lutheran Church in Springfield, Ill., the only one of that denomination in the country.

***

Dr. B. F. Lee, the scholarly editor of the Christian Recorder, delivered a lecture on "The Moral Progress of the Negro in Twenty-five Years," at Fernwood, Pa., last Thursday evening.

***

Dr. James H. A. Johnson preached two acceptable sermons in Union Church, Philadelphia, last Sunday and lectured in the same church Monday night; subject, "Domestic Economy." This lecture is very popular.

***

The A. M. E. Church should admit no more ignorant men in its ministry, and it should eatablish retreats, to which their ministers—we refer to the uneducated—could repair at certain periods to become better prepared to perform the functions of the high office. —Ex.

***

The son of an African chief who has been converted to Christianity and is now studying for missionary work at Wilbraham, Mass., spoke to an interested audience at the Charles Street Church, Sunday evening, March 17. A collection of $11.80 was taken up for him.

***

A donation party was tendered Rev. James Frisby by his class and the members of Bethel Church, Philadelphia, which met at 916 Lombard street, and proceeded to Bethel Church, where Rev. Dr. Shaffer, in a very fine speech presented to Rev. Frisby, $100.00, two very large pound cakes and two very handsome chairs, one for Mrs. James Frisby, and the other for Mr. Frisby. Rev. Frisby received the tokens by making a few remarks.

GOOD WORDS FOR US.

One of our contemporaies kindly says: "The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete, and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marked tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks: "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper."

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States. It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons. —The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, S. C.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly by The Freeman are gratifying in high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race. It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner Stone.

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical make up and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Virginia Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

CARPETINGS AND CURTAINS.

WALL PAPERS. NEW GOODS,

Not only are my goods of new manufacture, but they embrace all that is new in ideas. Many patterns made specially for me, and, in consequence, do not become common. First-class artists to show these goods. Skillful workmen to do all classes of decorative work. Intending purchasers should see these, as well as my new styles of American goods. It is a recognized fact that I am selling the most reliable makec at LOWER PRICES than any other house in the city.

ALBERT GALL.

CUCKOO

Is the Doctor in Your House?

Will cure every time YELLOW FEVER, SMALL POX, RATTLE SNAKE BITE, MORTIFICATION, RHEUMATISM, CHOLERA, CONSUMPTION, NEURALGIA, ASTHMA, COLIC, CHRONIC COUGHS, INFLAMMATION, STOMACH, BOWELS, BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, SORE THROAT, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, EARACHE, WEAK EYES, CHILBLAINS, MORBUSBURN, FREEZES, CUTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS IN STOMACH OR LIMBS, AND DUMB AGUE. Dr. McGinn's Cuckoo Medicines used internally as well as externally have never failed yet in the worst cases of the most chronic diseases of man and beast, is heir to. Consist only of pure roots and herbs blood making blood cleaning and life sustaining. Its action upon the nerves stops all pains from ten to twenty-five minutes. Keep it in your family for sickness comes when least expected. Price $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle, sent to any postoffice receipt of price. All orders must be accompanied by cash or postoffice money order.

Cuckoo Catarrh Treatment warrated to cure permanently the worst cases of Catarrh in all its stages acute and chronic. Price 50 cents and $1.00 for references. please call at the office. Treatment by mail, no letters answered unless accompanied by four cents in stamps. Address all mail to CUCKOO CO., Manufactured only by DR. T. W. McGINN, Room 6 Cyclorama Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.

New Spring Goods in Abundance.

All at Low Prices,

Read Carefally the Following List.

New Spring Suitings, 34 in. wide, only 13½c yd. Special sale of dress goods at 6½, 7½, 8½, 9½c. New dress trimmings, plushes, velvets, satines and moires as low prices. New bead, braid and Persian trimmings. Ginghams, new line at 5c. Yard-wide heavy b own muslins at 5c. Plaid dress ginghams 6½c Yard wide bleached muslins at 6c Standard ginghams at 7c Yard wide bleaceed, soft finished muslins at 7c

Tickings, all grades, 7, 8, 10, 12½, 16, 28, 20, 25c, Heavy shirtings at 7, 8, 10 and 12½c. New dark prints at 4 an 5c. Light shirting prints, big assortment at 5c. Light shirting percales at 10c. Table linens, good values, at 16, 18, 20c, 25 and up Table covers at 48, 60, 68, 75, 89c and $1. New Fancy Turkish Towls at 20, 25, 29 anc 39.

SPRING WRAPS—Fichus $1. Newport scarfs 50c. Jerseys 47c. Stockinet jackets $2. Cashmere showls $1 and the cheapest line of bead wraps in the city.

Dedert & Sudbrock.

158 and 160 East Washington St.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—Cont nued.

THE BATTLE.

At this moment the Buffaloes began to march past our position on the road to Loo, and as they did so a message was brought to us from Ignosi requesting Infadoos, Sir Henry, and myself to join him. Accordingly, orders having been issued to the remaining ninety men of the Grays to employ themselves in collecting the wounded, we joined Ignosi, who informed us that he was pressing on to Loo to complete the victory by capturing Twala, if that should be possible. Before we had gone far we suddenly discovered the figure of Good sitting on an ant-heap about one hundred paces from us. Close beside him was the body of a Kukuana.

"He must be wounded," said Sir Henry, anxiously. As he made the remark an untoward thing happened. The dead body of the Kukuana soldier, or rather what had appeared to be his dead body, suddenly sprung up, knocked Good head over heels off the ant-heap, and began to spear him. We rushed forward in terror, and as we drew near we saw the brawny warrior making dig after dig at the prostrate Good, who at each prod jerked all his limbs into the air. Seeing us coming the Kukuana gave one final most vicious dig, and with a shout of "Take that, wizard," bolted off. Good did not move, and we concluded that our poor comrade was done for. Sadly we came toward him, and were indeed astonished to find him pale and faint indeed, but with a serene smile upon his face, and his eyeglass still fixed in his eye.

"Capital armor this," he murmured, on catching sight of our faces bending over him. "How sold he must have been!" and then he fainted. On examination we discovered that he had been seriously wounded in the leg by a tolla in the course of the pursuit, but that the chain armor had prevented his last assailant's spear from doing anything more than bruise him badly. It was a merciful escape. As nothing could be done for him at the moment he was placed on one of the wicker shields used for the wounded, and carried along with us.

On arriving before one of the gates of Loo we found one of our regiments watching it in obedience to orders received from Ignosi. The remaining regiments were in the same way watching the other exits to the town. The officer in command of this regiment coming up saluted Ignosi as king, and informed him that Twala's army had taken refuge in the town, whither Twala himself had also escaped, but that he thought that they were thoroughly demoralized, and would surrender. Thereupon Ignosi, after taking counsel with us, sent forward heralds to each gate ordering the defenders to open, and promising on his royal word life and forgiveness to every soldier who laid down his arms. The message was not without its effect. Presently, amid the shouts and cheers of the Buffaloes, the bridge was dropped across the fosse, and the gates upon the further side flung open.

Taking due precautions against treachery, we marched on into the town. All along the road-ways stood dejected warriors, their heads drooping, and their shields and spears at their feet, who, as Ignosi passed, saluted him as king. On we marched, straight to Twala's kraal. When we reached the great space where a day or two previously we had seen the review and the witch hunt we found it deserted. No, not quite deserted for there, on the further side, in front of his hut, sat Twala, with but one attendant—Gagool.

It was a melancholy sight to see him seated there, his battle-ax and shield by his side, his chin upon his mailed breast, with but one old crone for companion, and notwithstanding his cruelties and misdeeds, a pang of compassion shot through me as I saw him thus "fallen from his high estate." Not a soldier of all his armies, not a courtier out of the hundreds who had cringed round him, not even a solitary wife, remained to share his fate or halve the bitterness of his fall. Poor savage! he was learning the lesson that Fate teaches to most who live long enough, that the eyes of mankind are blind to the discredited, and that he who is defenseless and fallen finds few friends and little mercy. Nor, indeed, in this case did he deserve any.

Filing through the kraal gate we marched straight across the open space to where the ex-king sat. When within about fifty yards the regiment was halted, and accompanied only by a small guard we advanced toward him, Gagool reviling us bitterly as we came. As we drew near, Twala, for the first time, lifted up his plumed head, and fixed his one eye, which seemed to flash with suppressed fury almost as brightly as the great diadem bound round his forehead, upon his successful rival—Ignosi.

"Hail, O king!" he said, with bitter mockery; "thou who hast eaten of my bread; and now by the aid of the white man's magic has reduced my regiments and defeated mine army, hail! what fate hast thou for me, O king?"

"The fate thou gavest to my father, whose throne thou hast sat on these many years!" was the stern answer.

"It is well. I will show thee how to die, that thou mayest remember it against thine own time. See, the sun sinks in blood," and he pointed with his red battleax toward the fiery orb now going down; "it is well that my sun should sink with it. And now, Oh king, I am ready to die, but I crave the boon of the Kukuana royal house* to die fighting. Thou canst not refuse it, or even those cowards who fled to-day will hold thee shamed."

"It is granted. Choose with whom thou wilt fight. Myself I can not fight with thee, for the king fights not except in war."

Twala's somber eye ran up and down our ranks, and I felt, as for a moment it rested on myself, that the position had developed a new horror. What if he chose to begin by fighting me? What chance should I have against a desperate savage six feet five high, and broad in proportion? I might as well commit suicide at once. Hastily I made up my mind to decline the combat, even if I were hooted out of Kukuanaland as a consequence. It is, I think, better to be hooted than to be quartered with a battleax.

Presently he spoke.

"Incubu, what sayest thou, shall we end what we began to-day, or shall I call thee coward, white—even to the liver?"

"Nay," interposed Ignosi, hastily; "thou shalt not fight with Incubu."

"Not if he is afraid," said Twala.

Unfortunately Sir Henry understood this remark, and the blood flamed up into his cheeks.

"I will fight him," he said; "he shall see if I am afraid."

"For God's sake," I entreated, "don't risk your life against that of a desperate man. Anybody who saw you to-day will know that you are not a coward."

"I will fight him," was the sullen answer. "No living man shall call me a coward. I am ready now!" and he stepped forward and lifted his ax.

I wrung my hands over this absurd piece of quioxtism; but if he was determined on fighting, of course I could not stop him.

"Fight not, my white brother," said Ignosi, laying his hand affectionately on Sir Henry's arm; "thou hast fought enough, and it aught befell thee at his hands it would cut my heart in twain."

"I will fight, Ignosi," was Sir Henry's answer.

*It is a law amongst the Kukuanas that no man of the royal blood can be put to death unless by his own consent, which is, however, never refused. He is allowed to choose a succession of antagonists, to be approved by the king, with whom he fights, till one of them kills him.

"It is well, Incubu; thou art a brave man. It will be a good fight. Behold, Twala, the elephant is ready for thee."

The ex-king laughed savagely, and stepped forward and faced Curtis. For a moment they stood thus, and the setting sun caught their stalwart frames and clothed them both in fire. They were a well matched pair.

Then they began to circle round each other, their battleaxes raised. Suddenly Sir Henry sprung forward and struck a fearful blow at Twala, who stepped to one side. So heavy was the stroke that the striker half overbalanced himself, a circumstance of which his antagonist took a prompt advantage. Circling his heavy battleax round his head, he brought it down with tremendous force. My heart jumped into my mouth; I thought the affair was already finished. But no; with a quick upward movement of the left arm Sir Henry interposed his shield between himself and the ax, with the result that its outer edge was shorn clean off, the ax falling on his left shoulder, but not heavily enough to do any serious damage. In another second Sir Henry got in another blow, which was also received by Twala upon his shield. Then followed blow upon blow which were, in turn, either received upon the shield or avoided. The excitement grew intense; the regiment which was watching the encounter forgot its discipline, and, drawing near, shouted and groaned at every stroke. Just at this time, too, Good, who had been laid upon the ground by me, recovered from his faint, and, sitting up, perceived what was going on. In an instant he was up, and catching hold of my arm, hopped about from place to place on one leg, dragging me after him, yelling out encouragements to Sir Henry—

"Go it, old fellow!" he hallood. "That was a good one! Give it him amidships," and so on.

Presently Sir Henry, having caught a fresh stroke upon his shield, hit out with all his force. The stroke cut through Twala's shield and through the tough chain armor behind it, gashing him in the shoulder. With a yell of pain and fury Twala returned the stoke with interest, and, such was his strength, shore right through the rhinoceros' horn handle of his antagonist's battle-ax, strengthened as it was with bands of steel, wounding Curtis in the face.

A cry of dismay rose from the Buffaloes as our hero's broad axhead fell to the ground; and Twala, again raising his weapon, flew at him with a shout. I shut my eyes. When I opened them again, it was to see Sir Henry's shield lying on the ground, and Sir Henry himself with his great arms twined round Twala's middle. To and fro they swung, hugging each other like bears, straining with all their mighty muscles for dear life, and dearer honor. With a supreme effort Twala swung the Englishman clean off his feet, and down they came together over and over on the lime paving Twala striking out at Curtis's head with the battle-ax, and Sir Henry trying to drive the tolla he had drawn from his belt through Twala's armor.

It was a mighty struggle, and an awfully thing to see.

"Get his ax!" yelled Good; and perhaps our champion heard him.

At any rate, dropping the tolla, he made a grab at the ax, which was fastened to Twala's wrist by a strip of buffalo hide, and still rolling over and over, they fought for it like wild cats, drawing their breath in heavy gasps. Suddenly the hide string burst, and then, with a great effort, Sir Henry freed himself, the weapon remaining in his grasp. Another second and he was up upon his feet, the red blood streaming from the wound in his face, and so was Twala. Drawing the heavy tolla from his belt, he staggered straight at Curtis and struck him upon the breast. The blow came home true and strong, but whoever it was made that chain armor understood his art, for it withstood the steel. Again Twala struck out with a savage yell, and again the heavy knife rebounded, and Sir Henry went staggering back. Once more Twala came on, and as he came our great Englishman gathered himself together, and, swinging the heavy ax round his head, hit at him with all his force. There was a shriek of excitement from a thousand throats, and, behold! Twala's head seemed to spring from his shoulders and then fell and came rolling and bounding along the ground toward Ignosi, stopping just at his feet. For a second the corp stood upright, the blood spouting in fountains from the several arteries; then with a dull crash it fell to the earth, and the gold torque from the neck went rolling away across the pavement. As it did so Sir Henry, overpowered by faintness and loss of blood, fell heavily across it.

In a second he was lifted up, and eager hands were pouring water on his face. Another minute, and the great gray eyes opened wide.

He was not dead.

Then I, just as the sun sunk, stepping to where Twala's head lay in the dust, unloosened the diamond from the dead brows, and handed it to Ignosi.

"Take it," I said, "lawful King of the Kukuanas."

Ignosi bound the diadem upon his brows, and then advancing placed his foot upon the broad chest of his headless foe and broke out into a chant, or rather a pæan of victory, so beautiful, and yet so utterly savage, that I despair of being able to give an adequate idea of it. I once heard a scholar with a fine voice read aloud from a Greek poet called Homer, and I remember that the sound of the rolling lines seemed to make my blood stand still. Ignosi's chant, uttered as it was in a language as beautiful and sonorous as the old Greek, produced exactly the same effect on me, although I was exhausted with toil and various emotions.

"Now," he began, "now is our rebellion swallowed up in victory, and our evil-doing justified by strength.

"In the morning the oppressors rose up and shook themselves; they bound on their plumes and made them read for war.

"They rose up and grasped their spears; the soldiers called to the captains, 'Come, lead us'—and the captains cried to the king, 'Direct thou the battle.'

"They rose up in their pride, twenty thousand men, and yet a twenty thousand.

"Their plumes covered the earth as the plumes of a bird cover her nest; they shook their spears and shouted, yea, they hurled their spears into the sunlight; they lusted for the battle and were glad.

"They came up against me; their strong ones came running swiftly to crush me; they cried, 'Ha! ha! he is one already dead.'

"Then breathed I on them, and my breath was as the breath of a storm, and lo! they were not.

"My lightnings pierced them; I licked up their strength with the lightning of my spears; I shook them to the earth with the thunder of my shouting.

"They broke—they scattered—they were gone as the mists of the morning.

"They are food for the crows and the foxes, and the place of battle is fat with their blood.

"Where are the mighty ones who rose up in the morning? where are the proud ones who tossed their plumes and cried, 'He is as one already dead?'

"They bow their heads, but not in sleep; they are stretched out, but not in sleep.

"They are forgotten; they have gone into the blackness and shall not return: yea, others shall lead away their wives, and their children shall remember them no more.

"And I—I! the king—like an eagle have I found my eyrie.

"Behold! far have I wandered in the night-time, yet have I returned to my little ones at the day-break.

"Creep ye under the shadow of my wings, oh people, and I will comfort ye, and ye shall not be dismayed.

"Now is the good time, the time of spoil.

"Mine are the cattle in the valleys the virgins in the kraals are mine also.

"The winter is overpast, the summer is at hand.

"Now shall Evil cover up her face, and prosperity shall bloom in the land like a lily.

"Rejoice, rejoice, my people! let all the land rejoice in that the tyranny is trodden down, in that I am the king."

He paused, and out of the gathering gloom there came back the deep reply—

"Thou art the king."

Thus it was that my prophecy to the herald came true, and within the forty-eight hours Twala's headless corpse was stiffening at Twala's gate.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD FALLS SICK.

After the fight was ended, Sir Henry and Good were carried into Twala's hut, where I joined them. They were both utterly exhausted by exertion and loss of blood, and indeed, my own condition was little better. I am very wiry, and can stand more fatigue than most men, brobably on account of my light weight and long training; but that night I was fairly done up, and, as is always the case with me when exhausted, that old wound the lion gave me began to pain me. Also my head was aching violently from the blow I had received in the morning, when I was knocked senseless. Altogether, a more deplorable trio than we were that evening it would have been difficult to discover; and our only comfort lay in the reflection that we were exceedingly fortunate to be there to feel miserable, instead of being stretched dead upon the plain, as so many thousands of brave men were that night, who had risen well and strong in the morning. Somehow, with the assistance of the beautiful Foulata, who, since we had been the means of saving her life, had constituted herself our handmaiden, and especially Good's, we managed to get off the chain shirts, which had certainly saved the lives of two of us that day, when we found that the flesh underneath was terribly bruised, for though the steel links had prevented the weapons from entering, they had not prevented them from bruising. Both Sir Henry and Good were a mass of bruises, and I was by no means free. As a remedy, Floulata brought us some pounded green leaves, with an aromatic odor, which when applied as a plaster, gave us considerable relief. But though the bruises were painful, they did not give us such anxiety as Sir Henry's and Good's wounds. Good had a hole right through the fleshy part of his "beautiful white leg," from which he had lost a great deal of blood; and Sir Henry had a deep cut over the jaw, inflicted by Twala's battle-ax. Luckily Good was a very decent surgeon, and as soon as his small box of medicines was forthcoming, he, having thoroughly cleansed the wounds, managed to stitch up, first Sir Henry's and then his own pretty satisfactorily, considering the imperfect light given by the primitive Kukuana lamp in the hut. Afterward he plentifully smeared the wounds with some antiseptic ointment, of which there was a pot in the little box, and we covered them with the remains of a pocket-handkerchief which we possessed.

Meanwhile Foulata had prepared us some strong broth, for we were too weary to eat. This we swallowed, and then threw ourselves down on the piles of magnificent karosses, or fur-rugs, which were scattered about the dead king's great hut. By a very strange instance of the irony of fate, it was on Twala's own couch, and wrapped in Twala's own particular kaross, that Sir Henry, the man who had slain him, slept that night.

I say slept: but after that day's work sleep was indeed difficult. To begin with, in very truth the air was full

"Of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead."

From every direction came the sound of the wailing of women whose husbands, sons, and brothers had perished in the fight. No wonder that they wailed, for over twenty thousand men, or nearly a third of the Kukuana army, had been destroyed in that awful struggle. It was heart-rendering to lie and listen to their cries for those who would never return; it made one realize the full horror of the work done that day to further man's ambition. Toward midnight, however, the ceaseless crying of the women grew less frequent, till at length the silence was only broken at intervals of a few minutes by a long, piercing howl that came from a hut in our immediate rear, and which I afterward discovered proceeded from Gagool wailing for the dead King Twala.

After that I got a little fitful sleep, only to wake from time to time with a start, thinking that I was once more an actor in the terrible events of the last twenty-four hours. Now I seemed to see that warrior, whom my hand had sent to his last account, charging at me on the mountain top; now I was once more in that glorious ring of Grays, which made its immortal stand against all Twala's regiments, upon the little mound; and now again I saw Twala's plumed and gory head roll past my feet with gnashing teeth and glaring eye. At last, somehow or other, the night passed away; but when dawn broke I found that my companions had slept no better than myself. Good, indeed, was in a high fever, and very soon afterward began to grow light-headed, and also, to my alarm, to spit blood, the result no doubt of some internal injury inflicted by the desperate efforts of the Kukuana warrior on the previous day to get his big spear through the chain armor. Sir Henry, however, seemed pretty fresh, notwithstanding his wound on the face, which made eating difficult and laughter an impossibility, though he was so sore and stiff that he could scarcely stir.

About eight o'clock we had a visit from Infadoos, who seemed but little the worse—tough old warrior that he was—for his exertions on the previous day, though he informed us that he had been up all night. He was delighted to see us, though much grieved at Good's condition, and shook hands cordially; but I noticed that he addressed Sir Henry with a kind of reverence, as though he were something more than man; and indeed, as we afterward found out, the great Englishman was looked on throughout Kukuanaland as a supernatural being. No man, the soldiers said, could have fought as he fought, or could, at the end of a day of such toil and bloodshed, have slain Twala, who, in addition to being the king, was supposed to be the strongest warrior in Kukuanaland, in single combat, sheering through his bull neck at a stroke. Indeed, that stroke became proverbial in Kukuanaland, and any extraordinary blow or feat of strength was thenceforth known as "Incubu's blow."

Infadoos told us, also, that all Twala's regiments had submitted to Ignosi, and that like submissions were beginning to arrive from chiefs in the country. Twala's death at the hands of Sir Henry had put an end to all further chance of disturbance; for Scragga had been his only son, and there was no rival claimant left alive.

I remarked that Ignosi had swum to the throne through blood. The old chief shrugged his shoulders. "Yes," he answered; "but the Kukuana people can only be kept cool by letting the blood flow sometimes. Many were killed indeed, but the women were left, and others would soon grow up to take the places of the fallen. After this the land would be quiet for awhile."

Afterward, in the course of the morning, we had a short visit from Ignosi, on whose brows the royal diadem was now bound. As I contemplated him advancing with kingly dignity, an obsequious guard following his steps, I could not help recalling to my mind the tall Zulu who had presented himself to us at Durban some few months back, asking to be taken into our service, and reflecting on the strange revolutions of the wheel of fortune.

"Hail, O king!" I said, rising.

"Yes, Macumazahn. King at last, by the grace of your three right hands," was the ready answer.

All was, he said, going on well; and he hoped to arrange a great feast in two weeks' time in order to show himself to the people.

I asked him what he had settled to do with Gagool.

"She is the evil genius of the land," he answered, "and I shall kill her, and all the witch doctors with her! She has lived so long that none can remember when she was not old, and always she it is who has trained the witch hunters, and made the land evil in the sight of the heavens above."

"Yet she knows much," I replied; "it is easier to destroy knowledge, Ignosi, than to gather it."

"It is so," he said, thoughtfully. "She, and she only, knows the secret of the 'Three Witches' yonder, whither the great road runs, where the kings are buried, and the silent ones sit."

"Yes, and the diamonds are. Don't forget your promise, Ignosi; you must lead us to the mines, even if you have to spare Gagool's life to show the way."

"I will not forget, Macumazahn, and I will think on what thou sayest."

Continued next week.

The Cost of Private Cars.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Many extravagant stories are in circulation," said George W. Allen, "as to the cost of private cars, such as are used by railroad magnates, opera singers, imported actors and millionaires; and I have often heard it stated that an average Pullman palace car is worth $60,000. Stories are printed about cars costing all the way from $100,000 to $200,000. The fact of the matter is that a palace car costs about $12,000 complete. The make up of the cars, regular or special, is about the same. Additional cost is brought about by the internal decorations, and that must necessarily be limited. I doubt if there was ever a car constructed that cost more than $35,000. To exceed that figure would require a decoration exclusively in jewels and the precious metals."

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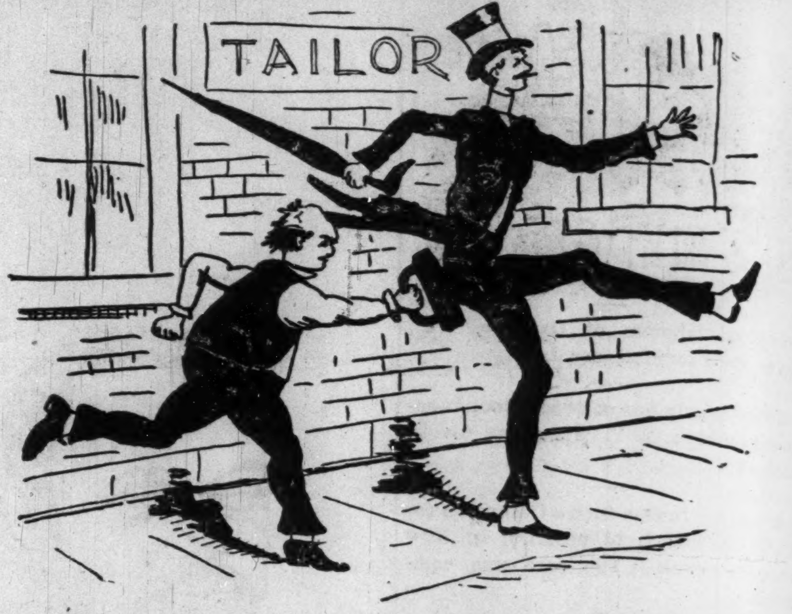

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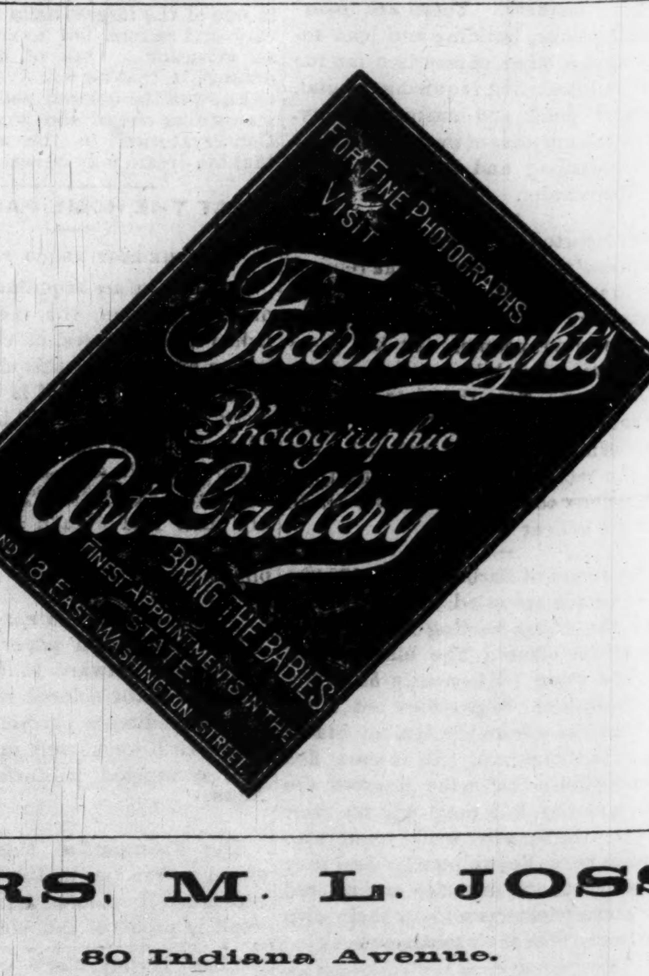

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THE OKLAHOMA LAND.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE BOOMERS' CAMP.

A Country of Great Promise—Its Fertility and Mineral Wealth—Crowded Condition of the Invaders' Headquarters—Waiting for the Proclamation.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe Democrat.

For years the fertile strip of land lying almost in the center of the Indian Territory, known as the Oklahoma country, a name given it by the Indians, which in their language means "beautiful land," has been watched with eagerness by the Indians, cattle kings, railroad corporations and land syndicates, as well as thousands of home seekers, each striving to lay claim to a portion or portions of it. It has now become the best advertised and most talked of country in the United States. For the past ten years the people have been reading of Oklahoma, of its fine soil, even climate rich mineral deposits and the flattering inducements offered to home-seekers. They have read of the men called "Oklahoma boomers," of their attempt to invade the "promised land" by force of numbers and of their expulsion by the United States troops. They have read of the formation of colonies under the leadership of such famous celebrities as Capt. Payne, C. C. Carpenter, Capt. Couch, Pawnee Bill, Oklahoma Harry and many others, until the term "Oklahoma boomer" was received by them with opprobrium.

The recent action of Congress in declaring the Oklahoma country part of the public domain, together with 4,000,000 acres of land adjoining, which was recently purchased from the Creek and Seminole tribes of Indians, has awakened new and intense interest concerning this long-coveted country. Thousands of people from all over the United States have flocked to the borders awaiting the proclamation of the President to enter, while several thousand others have passed the border line and are camping thoughout the country, living in wagons tents and dugouts.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.

The situation here is without a precedent. Never in the history of the country have such scenes been witnessed in connection with the opening of a new Territory as are to be seen within the borders of Oklahoma. Oklahoma City, the station from which this letter is written, has been selected for years by the numerous colonies which have entered the country as the site for the city of the new Territory. It is situated almost in its center, on the Canadian river, Santa Fe railroad, and the projected line of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad. Its location was first agreed to by a colony headed by C. C. Carpenter, who entered the Territory in the spring of 1879. A year later Capt. Payne, who was a near relative of the famous David Crockett, headed a colony, which, after a thorough inspection of the entire country, agreed upon Oklahoma City as headquarters, and laid out a city of tremendous proportions. The Government, at the time the Santa Fe road was completed, erected a store house and freight headquarters at this place, and at present receive all supplies for troops and Indians at Oklahoma City, from where they are freighted to the several posts and agencies. Although it is unlawful to enter the Territory prior to the issuance of the President's proclamation there are fully 500 people living at present in Oklahoma City, while fully 1,000 more are camped along the borders of the Canadian river, south of the station and in the hollows surrounding the town. Strange to say, there has been no attempt to expel them, notwithstanding the several sensational reports that have been telegraphed Eastern papers to the contrary.

THE CHUCK-AWAY HOUSE.

The situation here is decidedly interesting. The people are living in tents, dugouts and wagons, while a few are accommodated in a frame shanty called a hotel. This quaint looking structure is called the Chuck-away House, and it is there that a rather tough looking denizen, assisted by two tougher looking females, prepares the "chuck" for the greater portion of the inhabitants of the town. At night the floors of every room in the shanty are covered with lodgers, piled in as thick as possible, and the night is spent in kicking and rolling over each other. Occasionally a man gets up to rest himself, and in getting out steps on three or four others, who swear and curse until the entire household is aroused. It is not an uncommon thing for this state of affairs to result in a free-for-all-fight, and all hands adjourn to the open space outside. At the arrival of each train every man, women and child gathers at the depot, and such a howling gang as they appear I have never before seen. A passenger on the train would think from the large numbers and the noise they made that an Indian massacre was in progress.

The telegraph wires are kept hot from morning till night and night till morning. It takes three operators to do the business, and they all look worn out.

A FALSE ALARM.

When word came to-day that President Harrison had consulted his Cabinet upon the Oklahoma question the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. It was thought that the proclamation was forthcoming, and in a short while the entire town was depopulated. Wagons were seen hurrying hither and thither. Men were running over the prairie, and before two hours had elapsed each and every man was on his claim. The excitement was beyond description and without a parallel. Before nightfall, however, things had changed. Private advices from Washington stated that the President had not and would no. for the present issue the proclamationt The boomers then began returning to their former headquarters, and gathering in groups discussed the situation with more excitement and interest than any crowd of politicians ever awaited the returns from an important election. I should judge that President Harrison's ears must have burned about that time, for the boomers certainly felt any way but friendly towards him, and some of the most excited ones charged him with a little of everything. It was undoubtedly one of the most amusing conversations I ever listened to. I met Harry Hill, alias "Oklahoma Harry," today. He came up from Purcell, where he had been in consultation with Col. Sam Crocker and several other boomers. He believes that unless the President issues his proclamation soon that an invasion will be made. He said: "I believe that there are 30,000 people on the Chickasaw Reservation ready to move at a moment's notice. More than 3,000 have crossed over into Oklahoma. Every day the numbers are being greatly augmented. They are growing very impatient, and I do not think that they can possibly be held back after April 1. I have repeatedly been asked to lead in the invasion, but think we ought to give President Harrison a fair opportunity to consider the matter and time to issue the proclamation. I am in hopes that he will decide in favor of the people and against the cattle kings, as I know a tremendous pressure is being brought to bear upon him. Every man has his eye on a particular claim in Oklahoma and intends as soon as he can to get on it.

There are a score of other prominent boomers here, but all favor waiting for the President's proclamation. They are afraid of the clause in the law which provides that any person entering upon the lands before the President declares it open for settlement, shall thereafter be debarred from entry. If it was not for this provision 100,000 people would occupy the Territory at the present time. With a view of seeing the country for myself, and to visit the several boomer camps, I engaged a pony and rode from Oklahoma City to Fort Reno, and from Fort Reno to Purcell, in the Chickasaw Nation. In this way I passed through the heart of the Oklahoma country proper. The weather was delightful and the trip, on the whole, an enjoyable one. From Oklahoma to Fort Reno I passed along the surveyed line of the Frisco road, which is projected through the finest lands in the entire Territory, In this country there are three large rivers, which rise in the mountains of Colorado and New Mexico and flow through the entire country, thus making it a well-watered and well-drained country. The water courses are noted for their level, spreading bottoms of rich soil. The higher and more rolling grounds are fertile, but until the country is more settled are better adapted for grazing purposes. The Indians and people about Fort Reno say that corn and wheat are raised in the bottoms, and in some places wonderful crops are annually gathered. The eastern portion of the Territory contains more fertile lands than the western.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY AND SOIL.

The quality of the soil is almost the same as the lands of Illinois and Eastern Kansas. There is no timber to speak of in Oklahoma, but the timber is abundant in the Five Nations and of sufficient quantity for all needs in the rest of the Territory. The vegetation of Oklahoma is about the same as that of Northern Texas and the Eastern portion of Kansas. Rich and fertile production of all kind abound in the river bottoms. At the half-way house between Oklahoma City and Fort Reno I was told that an Arapaho Indian raised 4,000 bushels of corn off of seventy acres of land. From Fort Reno to Purcell the lands are about the same, if anything there is more bottom lands. The soil is black and the fine hay grass that grows wild and high, testifies to its fertility. The old timers about Fort Reno say that if it was not for the scarcity of rain after the 1st of June, the Oklahoma country would raise larger crops than any section of country in the United States. As it is, there are seasons when the South winds burn the crops, and no rain falls to counteract them. This will be overcome by the settlement of the country. It has long been an accepted fact that cultivation and the planting of trees have an immense deal to do with the fall of rain in the West.

Mineral wealth. The mineral deposits in the Territory are of considerable importance. I met a party of prospectors at Silver City who had just returned from Washita Mountain with valuable specimens of gold deposits. They claim that there are indications of rich deposits of gold and silver in the mountains southwest of Fort Reno. A party at Purcell also report the finding of gold in Oklahoma, about two miles across the river from the Chickasaw Nation. An investigation made this week by an old miner convinced him that these mines are exceedingly rich in valuable mineral deposits, with chances in favor of them comparing favorably with some of the famous mines of the country. There is scattered throughout the Territory an abundance of coal, and in the Cheyenne and Arapaho Nation some iron ore. Near Fort Sill some lead has been found, and it is claimed that mica fields have been discovered that excel anything in the United States. In Oklahoma there are granite deposits and fine gray and brown building stone that cannot be excelled. There has been but little prospecting in Oklahoma, but there is reason to believe that the mineral deposits in the Territory are exceedingly rich.

I must not close this letter without saying something of the town of Purcell a description of which can not fail to be of interest. It is situated on a high bluff on the south side of the South Canadian River, and it is from that town that the boomer views his Land of Canaan. There never was a town like Purcell, and it is safe to predict that there will never be another. In April, 1887, the Santa Fe road was first built to this place and a division headquarters established. It is just across the river from Oklahoma, and as soon as the boomer learned that whites live could within its borders, a rush was made for it. It was from the first the headquarters of the boomers, and now contains fully 3,000 people, all waiting to cross the river into the "promised land." Not only is the greater part of the hundreds of the original Payne boomers there, but thousands of others. Think of 3,000 men squatting down on the border of a country waiting for months, and even years, to cross the line! Such is the condition of affairs at Purcell. The condition of the boomers made it necessary to start stores for supplies, and soon hotels and eating houses followed, until now there are fully twenty stores, four hotels, lumber yards, newspaper, bank, etc., necessary from the business and progress of an enterprising and growing town. The number of inhabitants is increasing daily, and if the opening of the Oklahoma country is delayed two years more the place will contain a population of 10,000 people. These people are all waiting to cross over, bag and baggage, into Oklahoma, and will do so immediately upon hearing of the proclamation of President Harrison declaring it open.

Such a wild time as there will be during the early days of the new Territory will be without a parallel even in the oil regions of Pennsylvania and the mining camps of the West. There were never before so many people gathered to make a rush into a new Territory as are gathered about the border lines of Oklahoma. The Chickasaw Nation, including the Town of Purcell, contains, as estimated by Oklahoma Harry Hill, 30,000, while Arkansas, Caldwell, Wichita and other Kansas towns contain thousands. The Arkansas City Traveler estimates that there are 10,000 in camp south of that city, and that in all 100,000 people will enter the Territory simultaneously when the President declares it open.

A Few Sage Remarks.

New York Star.

The man that will beg or steal so small a sum as $5 is a somewhat smaller fool than I expected to find in your father's family.

"The moment we begin to live we then begin to die," and the moment we are fit to die we do die, and sometimes a moment sooner.

A good name when deserved gives a strength and mild courage, quiet boldness and modest assurance which are worth all they cost.

A person shows his standard of character by the standard he holds for others. Often he knows no higher standard than those among whom he lives.

In this lone world, where friends at best are but few, and in old age, when of those few, almost all are dead, the sinking of one more is like the loss of a limb or an eye. It never can be restored.

One of the most trying cases of self-denying responsibility is when we must take an active part against the passions or interests of others, in order to prevent evils from falling on them which they do not see nor ever will see, or in order to secure benefits, perchance, for themselves which they will never suspect to have arisen from these efforts of ours. We are doomed for ever to rest under the imputation, in their minds, of exercising needless severity.

A Boy's Long Trip.

Lynn (Mass.) Special.

Frank Fullerton, a shool boy who disappeared mysteriously on June 11, 1887, and who has since been mourned as dead by his family, returned home last evening, after having made a circuit of the world. His recital of his travels is most interesting. He walked to Boston over two years a ago, over the railroad track, and on arriving sought the wharves. He shipped from Boston to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore, and then crossed the ocean to Havre, from there visiting Rouen and Paris, sailing up the Mediterranean, and making a round of continental and British seaports. The boy's explanation was that he was possessed of an uncontrollable desire to see the world. Young Fullerton's taste for the sea is entirely cured.

An Even Thing.

Philadelphia Record.

Irate Father—Young man, I am amazed, astonished, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short an acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her.

Young Man—Well, she don't take any more chances than I do. She's almost a stranger to me, too.

A GAY OLD JUDGE.

How Justice Gray Fell in Love With Miss Matthews.

Washington special.

It has been announced that Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court, would, in the near future, lead to the altar Miss Jeannette, daughter of the late Justice Matthews, but the sudden death of the intended bride's father has caused a postponement of the event. It had been intended that the engagement should be a short one, for Justice Gray is 54 years old, and it is but natural that he does not care to long postpone his happiness. Miss Jeannette is 30 years old.

The acquaintance, of which the present engagement is the outcome, began at the bedside of the late justice. Justice Gray and Justice Matthews had always been warm friends. Justice Gray was in the daily habit of accompanying his friend to the latter's pleasant home, and he had long been recognized as a frequent and welcome visitor.

It was natural that when Justice Matthews was taken ill that Justice Gray should be his almost constant attendant. Day after day he called; hour after hour he spent at his bedside. It was here that he became more intimately acquainted with Miss Jeannette, who was her father's faithful nurse, and it was under the eyes of the dying friend and father that their acquaintance developed into love.

Though the engagement has only just become known, and therefore spoken of as a sensation, still it is now known that Miss Jeaunette has been the promised wife of Justice Gray for nearly a month, and that by a mutual understanding of the lovers and Justice Matthews the affair was kept entirely secret. It had been intended to say nothing of the matter until very shortly before the marriage, which had been contemplated for a very early day, and but for an indiscreet remark dropped by Justice Gray it would have remained a secret.

Justice Gray has long been recognized as one of the most eligible bachelors in Washington society. He is the wealthiest member of the Supreme Court, and is doubtless the most popular member. He has the reputation of being a delightful dinner companion, with a ready wit and inexhaustible fund of anecdote and repartee at his command. He has always been fond of the society of ladies, showing, by the way, a marked preference for the company of maidens of 18 and 20. Wherever there was a social gathering of young and pretty girls the justice from Massachusetts was always sure to be there, and as a rule it was not many minutes after his coming that he was snugly ensconced in some cozy nook with the brightest and prettiest girl in the room.

While society is surprised somewhat to hear of his engagement to Miss Matthews, it is not surprised to hear that he is about to marry, for his name on frequent occasions has been connected with that of marriageable ladies. It will be remembered that a year or two ago it was distinctly and confidently announced that he was engaged to Miss Annie Van Vechten, of Albany. Miss Van Vechten will be remembered as the especial friend of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, who visited her while Miss Cleveland was the mistress of the White House, before the coming of Mrs. Cleveland.

Justice Gray was Miss Van Vechten's constant cavalier, and there were frequent pleasantries regarding the rivalry between ex-President Cleveland and Mr. Justice Gray for the hand of Miss Van Vechten. It was understood that the President and the justice were deadly rivals. It has since proved that they were not. At this time Mr. Gray was wont to declare that he would never marry, and that his sister, Miss Gray, would forever preside over his house. About this time, too, his handsome but very eccentric mansion on the northwest corner of Sixteenth and I streets was completed, and almost every day Justice Gray was called upon to deny the story of a different lady for his new mansion. His strongest argument used to be, when asked regarding a new mistress of his house, that no lady would like to live in it, for he said there was not a single clothes press, closet or cupboard in the whole house from garret to cellar. Both Justice Gray and Miss Matthews have been very warmly congratulated.

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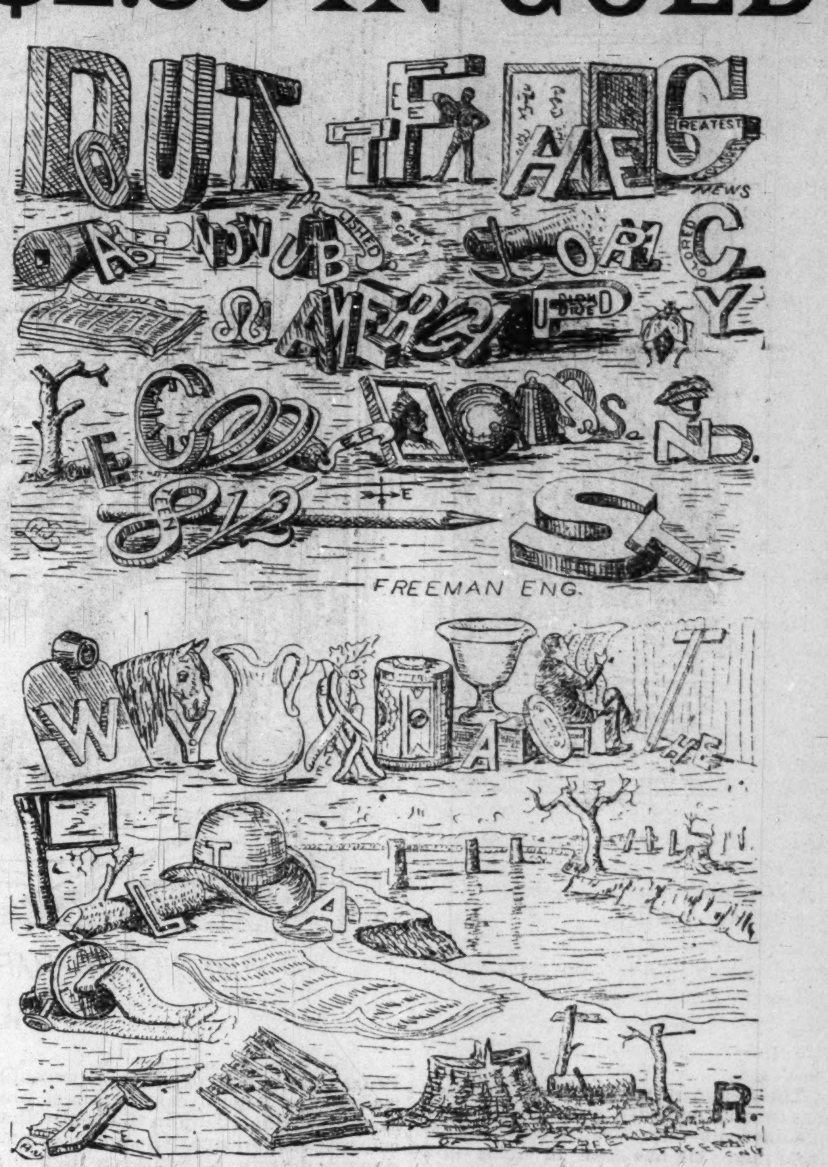

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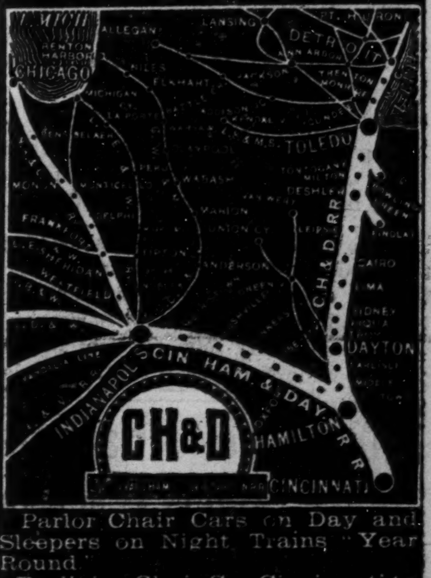

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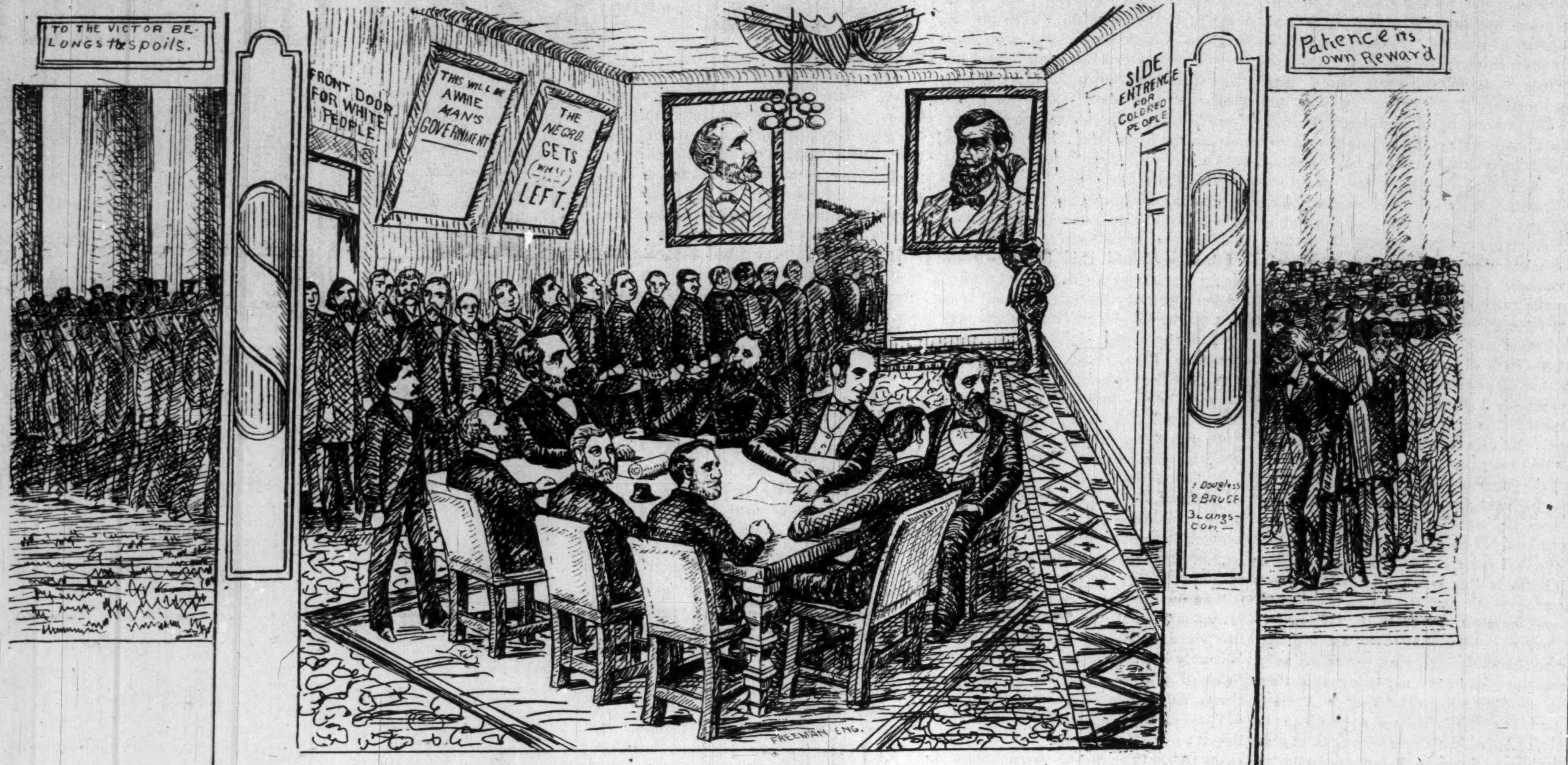

PRESIDENT HARRISON AND THE NEGRO VOTE.

THE VOICE OF THE COLORED PRESS.

The treatment which Pres. Harrison has thus far accorded the colored people has been very unsatisfactory and far from just. He has been in office now nearly a month, and while he has taken particular pleasure in acknowledging his obligations to the Germans, Irish, Scandinavians and other nationalities, he has not made one step to indicate that he considers his elevation was attributable, even by a single vote, to the colored people of this country.—The Conservator.

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President Harrison has now been in office twenty-four days. His Southern policy as to the dispositton of Federal patronage has not been thoroughly outlined. But, up to date, he has not appointed one single colored man to office and he has not, that we have heard of, invited Mr. Douglass, Mr. Langston, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Lynch, or other representative colored Republicans, to assist him in so disposing affairs in the South that colored Republicans, who are bone and sinew and brain of Southern Republicanism, shall have the consideration to which they, and they alone are entitled.—New York Age.

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Will some of our exchanges tell us when will the present administration commence to consider the claims of colored Republicans?—Pine Bluff, Ark., Hornet.

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The Afro-American is not only entitled to an honorabe share in the distribution of public offices for the part taken by him in the last campaign, but also is entitled to the favorable consideration of all men engaged in industries that are protected by the tariff, and it is to the interest of party and industry that the recognition merited be accorded.—Detroit Plaindealer.

: : :

If the Republican party fail to give the Negro voters a square meal from the public table, and insists on feeding them crumbs as in the past, no earthly power can bring them into line again to fight Republican battles. A word to the wise is sufficient.—Missouri Citizen.

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Shortly after the election we received a letter from Chairman Huston, in which he said: "The colored people stood by us grandly and should be rewarded for their fealty." Up to date we have not heard of any "reward" that the Negro has received from the state administration, and we again call its attention to the oversight. Have our friends no sense of justice? Do they mean to feed the Negro on husks continually? Recognition, gentlemen. —Indianapolis World.

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The colored brother is receiving official recognition rather slewly, however, it is to be hoped that his case will be considered bye and bye.—Free Speech and Headlight Tenn.

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We are not inclined to be impatient. We insist upon believing that soon the names of Pinchback, Cuney, Bruce, Douglass, Lynch, Harlan, Napier and others of our leaders will be sent to the Senate, designated by the President to fill important positions.—Appeal.

: : :

Now it is no use in talking, if the party in power is the Negro's best friend and we have no right but to believe it, it must exemplify its friendship in appointing Negroes to office. The Negro in politics means the Negro in office afterwards, just as it means to the white man in politics.—The Columbus, Ga., Messenger.

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Colored Men Should Use Parties.

"If I were a colored man" said John Boyle O'Reilly in that memorable address of his, before his colored fellow citizens in Fanuil Hall in December, 1885. "I should use parties as I would a club—to break down prejudice against my people. I should not talk about being true to any party except so far as that party was true to me. Parties care nothing for you, only to use you. You should use parties. The highest party you have in this county is your own manhood."

LOCAL NEWS.

Benjamin T. Thornton has been appointed admistrator of the estate of Mrs. Allie Braxton, wife of the late Robt. Braxton. A good selection.

B. D. Bagby has been reappointed to his old run as mail agent between this city and Vincennes.

Mr. Henry Singlton is making a tour of the State in the interest of the disdrict lodges. He was in Richmond this week.

Assessor Tom Quill has appointed seven colored deputy assessors to this force this year. This is the largest number yet appointed. The following are the appointees: W. A. Sweeney, Wm. M. Lewis, Solemon Mukes, Henry Beasley, Henry W. Furniss, Alfred Taylor, Frank D. Welsh.

J. T. V. Hill will begin the practice of law in this city.

The only "recognition" which the colored people have received so far is the appointing of a few men to do the spring scrubbing and cleaning at the P. O.

Owing to the opposition made to his appointment Jesse Ringold has not entered the fire department yet. Clayborne Sheare is said to be his most formidable rival for the place.

The Sorosis will meet at the residence of Mr. J. H. Baptist, 81, Yandes St., next Monday evening, and a large attendance is expected.

Call a messenger boy to carry notes, run errands, &c., 15 S. Meridian Street. Telephone 123.

AGENTS.

Agents must get their orders in not later than Tuesday of each week to insure receiving full orders promptly.

The time for the colored graduate has arrived, and we may be prepared to hear of the colored valedectorian, salutatorian, and what not in every newspaper. In nearly every mixed school in the country the Negro bears off the laurels.

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